

Houghton's Pantry

Its Proprietors, Patrons and Panache



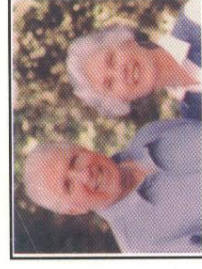
Beverly J. Barnett

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Barnett's vivid and moving story of Houghton's Pantry takes you back a half century and more to when a tearoom, called the Pantry, became the social center of the students' lives at Houghton College. His story extends over the eleven years--1940-1951--when the Pantry was a bustling ice cream parlor. The Pantry was built and operated by the Barnett family from 1940 through 1949, except for the two years, 1944-1946, when the Rev. Herbert and Lydia Jackson family managed it. In 1949, the College bought and operated the Pantry for two years and then closed it, turning the building into a book repository. The story closes with the brief account of the "rebirth" of the tearoom called "The Bent Cent." In the late 1960s the building was dismantled and hauled away to make room for the Paine Science Center.

People are the main components of this story: Clarence and Lucy Miller Barnett's romantic saga, their early ministry in Iowa, their decision to move to Houghton and build the Pantry, and their family's venture into "soda jerkdom," the Herbert Jackson family, coming from the mission field, and many employees who worked in the Pantry. But the endless list of patrons receives the greatest attention.



Beverly Barnett and his wife, Margie, were in the "Forty-Niners" class. Bev pastored and was ordained in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. After graduating from Asbury Seminary, he was a career Air Force Chaplain for 28 years. Upon retiring from the USAF, he was an assistant pastor in churches in Utah and California. In 1974 and 1984 respectively, he received graduate degrees from Chapman College and the University of Utah, and in 1992 he received the D.Min. from Westminster Theological Seminary in California. He was commissioned as an evangelist, church planter in the Presbyterian Church in America (PCA) and for five years he was the California Representative for Mission to the World (MTW). Bev and Margie now live in Lake Wildwood, Penn Valley, California.

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To My Parents:

Clarence H. and Lucy Barnett

Beverly J. Barnett

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INTRODUCTION

and ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book has been contemplated for nigh onto fifty years. The story of Houghton's Pantry has been incubating in my mind--and in the minds of some other family members--since the 1940s. A few years ago I broached the possibility of writing such a book to other family members and received a mixed response. Needing some added incentive to take on such a project, I put the venture on a back burner and waited for a "more convenient season" to catapult me into writing. Finally, in 1997, two things happened to provide that impetus. The *Houghton Milieu*, Summer edition, had a brief article with a picture (p. 18) of **Frank and Helen (Baker '45) Houser's** 50th wedding anniversary, with **Cliff Little '45 and Leola (Avery '45) Culley** standing up with them as they did 50 years before. Their first date included a "trip to the Pantry for refreshments." I remembered all four of these alum-patrons well and knew there were many other couples whose earliest courtship days included a "trip to the Pantry." That article kindled afresh my latent interest and I took the initial steps in my mind how to structure a "bio" of the Pantry.

The second occasion happened in Ireland. Margie and I joined the Houghton-sponsored tour of Ireland in September, 1997. Dean and Carmen Liddick were also on the excursion. While on that grand tour, it entered my mind that Dean, the editor of the *Milieu* at that time, might be interested in an article on Houghton's Pantry. So I approached him on the subject and he quickly encouraged me to write the story. Dean was most helpful in advising me regarding the brief essay, "The Saga of the Pantry" published in the Spring, 1998, issue of the *Milieu*. That story, along with other alumni contacts, prompted a groundswell of alumni from the 1940s and early 1950s to send me letters, some with pictures, and email messages giving anecdotes and other

memories that were most propitious. I heartily thank each of them.

The book is essentially a biography: first, of my father and mother who literally conceived, built and managed (for seven years) the little tearoom. Secondly, it is a "biography" of the Pantry itself. I realize it is actually a history, but, to me, the Pantry was a living, breathing, entity having a personality and the panache of a mortal. For nine years--through eighth grade, high school and college--it was my constant companion, sometimes a taskmaster, but more often a friend and delight. It was the composite of all its patrons and proprietors together. This volume is the story of the Pantry: its conception, its birth, its growth and career, its retirement, its "second childhood" and its death.

In our family's memory, the most dominant and enduring feature of the Pantry is the music from the nickelodeon. We refer to those "classics" of the 1940s as "Pantry music." The poet, Percy Shelley, expressed it: "Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory." The vibrations of those beloved tunes help to personify the little tearoom.

I steep each of the chapters in those Pantry tunes that were vogue in the time frame of each chapter. Almost all the pop-songs referenced were No. 1 on the Hit Parade during that time. These were the records we requested, received and were most played. We who worked in the Pantry heard them so often that they are indelibly etched on our memories.

I am indebted to numerous people for the material in this book: they include over 40 of the Pantry-patrons who contacted me by mail, email, phone and speaking to me directly. Particularly, do I want to cite some who conversed with me several times: Paul Scrimshaw, Dr Bob and Ruth Luckey, Oliver Karker, Beulah Smalley Johnston, Les Beach, David Flower, Bill Barker, Perry Troutman and Gordon Tropf. Some gave rather extensive accounts from their memories that were most helpful: Thelma Fuller De Right, Harvey and Irene Yount, Dr. Bert Hall, Merrill Jackson and his sister, Betty Jackson Atwater, Gloria Wentzell Porter, Phil and Marion Chase, Lois Hardy Wilt, Ruth Bird Buckley, Jean Scott, Evelyn Reynolds McKnight, Edgar Brill, Robert Dingman, Dr. Betty Tutton, Charles and Jeanette Rupp, Dr. Don Strong, Philip Birchall and Sharon Beach Falke.

I am most indebted to my brothers and sister who helped me contact numerous alumni and for sharing with me many anecdotes which, if I had ever known, I had forgotten. Particularly, I thank my brothers, Glenn, for the data in his autobiography, Gordon, whose conversations with George Beverly Shea were most helpful, and Bob, who helped me with research and being a liaison between me and various alumni.

I have reserved my very special thanks to Margie Miller Barnett, my beloved wife of over 50 years. She played a significant role then, in the Pantry

operations, and now, in her proofreading my manuscript. I am fortunate to have a live-in school teacher (of over 40 years) who has always been a stickler for proper spelling and syntax. Her keeping me focused has resulted in a less lengthy tome. She agrees with Geoffrey Wheatcroft: "The first rule of writing history...is that the reader does not want to know everything the author knows."² To a large extent, she is the co-author.

Without a doubt, I acknowledge that our heavenly Paraclete deserves and will receive the greatest praise in the writing of this book. He it was who led our family to Houghton to build and run The Pantry. He it was that gave to it its unforgettable, prismatic panache. He it was who led my sister and brothers and me, helping to "bring all things to (our) remembrance" in the preparing of this manuscript.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power, and the glory,
and the victory, and the majesty : for all that is in heaven and
in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou
art exalted as head above all." I Chron. 29:11

BEVERLY JAMES BARNETT
Lake Wildwood, Penn Valley, CA
March, 1999

The Pantry Revisited

Houghton seemed like only a hop, skip, and a jump from Newfoundland in the fall of 1964. While serving as an Air Force chaplain, my doctor sent me to Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington, D.C. to have an ophthalmologist check my eyes for what turned out to be a minor problem. I had a few days to spend at my leisure so I opted to fly to Buffalo and bum a ride from a brother to Houghton where my parents then lived. No one knew I was in the States. It had been many months since I had been home and I wanted to surprise my parents. I dashed into the kitchen on the ground floor of Gaoyadeo Hall where I knew my mother worked. Upon inquiring, the kitchen staff told me Mother had left for home only minutes earlier. Stepping outside, I saw her familiar form walking up Willard Avenue, passing the newly-built library, so I double-timed it and sneaked up behind her. As she approached the front of the Pantry, I quickly moved to her side, took her arm and said, "Mother, let me treat you to a hot fudge sundae!"

Shocked, she exclaimed, "Bev, I was just thinking of you as I neared the Pantry."

Of course, we didn't enter; the Pantry had been closed for a dozen years. But we paused in reverie and glanced at the little white building with green shutters held in the embrace of the apple tree. Our thoughts went reeling across the years of our growing family living in parsonages on the plains of Iowa, and then moving to Houghton. Flashbacks of the years when the Pantry was a hub of campus life--memories interlaced with the romance and flurry of a host of alum-patrons and activities.

The Rev. Clarence H. '17 and Lucy (Miller '21) Barnett, with eight children to educate, decided to move to Houghton and open a tearoom to be called "The Pantry." Dad had inherited a large dwelling with surrounding acreage on which to fulfill their dream. The Barnett hegira was in the summer

of 1940. Beside the large Barnett residence a small building was constructed with a ramp leading into the basement "den."

The business was mainly family-run, Mother, the matriarch; Dad, early given the sobriquet, "Chief", worked in Buffalo but he tied on an apron on weekends. Glenn '48 clerked the first year then worked with Dad in Buffalo until 1943 when he entered the Army. Gordon '47 manned the fountain for two years, then joined the Navy. Lucille '47 left in 1943 for nurse's training. This left the bulk of the work to mother and me until the younger siblings, Bob '52, David '54 and Dean '60, matured sufficiently for sharing the load. In 1941, Dad purchased a used commercial freezer that made tastier and more profitable ice cream. After Gordon left, I became both "soda-jerk" and ice cream maker.

As Mother and I lingered before the quaint building, memories of the first two "honey-moon" years flashed by. The nickelodeon played "Red Sails In the Sunset" awakening memories of Myron "Mike" Holloway '43 behind the fountain serving sodas to Shirley Fidinger '41 (Sheffer) and Dave Paine '43; Jesse DeRight '41 and Thelma Fuller '43 (De Right) sat in a booth eating cream-sticks and sharing a coke.... "Harbor Lights" revealed Ralph "Blackie" Black '41 in the kitchenette preparing for Willard Cassel '41 his specialty, a grilled mustard-cheese sandwich; Johnnie MacGregor '41 did his subway routine with an umbrella against the ceiling and John Sheffer '43 juggled three oranges from the bowl on the fountain.

Suddenly it was Friday night--after a concert, a lecture or a Purple-Gold basketball game--a "blitzkrieg" hit the Pantry! The first couples commandeered the booths, then the tables and overflowed into the den. The later-arriving customers sat at the few stools at the fountain. About as many had to stand as were seated, hoping to give their orders before their dates had to be in the dorms....

Then appeared a more tranquil Pantry: "That Old Black Magic" transposed it into a refuge--a place to study, to court, to cram for tests and celebrate afterwards, to say wistful farewells, to argue theology in 1941 and to adulate God's reviving work in 1942.

"Deep Purple" ushered in Martha "Marty" Ayres (the wife of Dr. John Ayres) as she served jovial Al Russell '42, Marge Mann '42 (Markell), Frank Houser '43 with Helen Esther Baker '44 (Houser) and Leola Avery '45 (Culley). "String of Pearls" brought to our minds' eye Warren Woolsey '43, Paul Scrimshaw '43, Gerry Schuster '44 (Sakowski) and Dick Bennett '44 with Ruth Brooks '45 (Luckey).

The war years thundered. "There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover..." soothed anxious hearts. In the den we saw many tearful farewells to men answering their nation's call. Our soda fountain ("Old Leaky") was sadly

worn out. Following a summer of personal, fervent prayer, the Lord, as if by a miracle, provided a new, state of the art fountain, though the war effort had long ago curtailed the manufacture of such a peace-time luxury. Les Beach '49 helped behind the fountain.

"Any Bonds Today...?" presented the Rev. Herbert and Lydia Jackson, the new managers of the Pantry, and their team: Gloria "30 point" Wentzell '48 (Porter), Lelia Koenigswald '48, with Beulah Smalley '48 (Johnston) and Alda Anderson '48 (Fletcher) and Ethel Anderson '48 (Robbins) filling in as needed. "Sentimental Journey" brought to the fore some patrons: Oliver Karker '45, Betty Tutton '47, Ray Alger '46, Don Kouwe '49 with Ruthe Meade '46 (Kouwe) and Lloyd Wilt '46 with Lois Hardy '46 (Wilt).

"You Are My Sunshine" reminded us of the later years with the Barnett family back in charge. Helen Birchall, Virgil Hale '50 and occasionally Paul Markell '50 served new students: Elmer Sanville '49, Pat Douglas '50 and Don Strong '50; and numerous returning vets including Bill Barker '48, Bob Dingman '50, Les Beach, Ed Sakowski '49 and Tony LaSorte '48.

Date nights continued to be "rush" affairs. Margie Miller '49, my regular "date" and, later, my wife, waited on tables as assiduously as when she chased—and caught—me on Sadie Hawkins Day in 1946. She took orders and brought order out of the usual date night chaos! After the men deposited their ladies in the dorms, many returned and reordered at their leisure. Often a get-together quartet, in Stamps-Baxter style, serenaded the customers and the cleanup team well after the doors were locked.

In 1949, the college bought and ran the Pantry for a couple of years with Mrs. Philo Matthews as the manager. Bob Barnett worked part time and Mae Smith sometimes pitched in behind the fountain and grill. Though the business continued to boom for two years, it was a financial bust. The Pantry was closed and used as a library book storage. Within the little shuttered tea-room the music stopped... no more ice cream... no more romantic trysts.... no more quartet singing. It was the end of an era. In a few years, the new Paine Science Center occupied that beloved spot.

Our fleeting reverie ended. Mother and I continued on home, each wondering—

"Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?"¹¹

2

The Scenario

When the 20th century saw its natal day...when Houghton Creek—some-times called "Jockey Street"—was a little village just north of Canadea on the Genesee River in New York State... when Houghton Seminary, then situated on an acclivity south of the settlement, had been an educational enterprise for twenty years...when the president of the school was a Mr. Silas Bond: The decision was made to purchase new property and relocate the school to the more ample, and more accessible plateau north of the village. For \$547.27, Mr. A. W. Hall, the Financial Agent of the Seminary, purchased twelve acres of land around the site where the Willard Houghton home was situated.¹

The first decade saw a rapid development on the new site. Three main brick buildings were constructed for the school: Jennings Hall ("Old Ad", Fancher Hall) was first, followed by Bessie Hall (Gaoyadeo) and a heating plant (Howard Eyster residence). A chain of new brick houses was built at the back of the campus: first, the president's home, then residences for A. W. Hall, Luther Hall, and E. W. Bruce. In 1908, the new president, James S. Luckey, moved into the president's home and around that time new owner-occupants moved into the other three houses: J. D. Kellogg moved into the Bruce house, Henry R. Smith in the Luther Hall house and my grandfather, Henry Richard Barnett, moved into the A. W. Hall house.

Henry R. Barnett, his wife Della Bateman Barnett, and four sons, Wallace, Glen, Clarence and Howard, had moved to Houghton from Lockport, New York. The Barnett property had a 200 ft. frontage on Willard Avenue. The large house was built on the north 100 ft. of the property, adjoining the Smith property. The south 100 ft. was an empty lot where Henry gardened. Behind the house was a small tool shed (later turned into a garage), an ice house and, set back against the hill, a chicken house with a garage at the north end. At the

mouth of a steep-sided ravine was a small barn for a horse and carriage and a cow or two. Behind the barn, gently flowing through this ravine, a small brook trickled and emptied into a covered conduit. A water pipe had been installed connecting to the barn for the livestock.

Henry Barnett loved the soil. As a young boy, Robert Luckey '37 used to look out his window at six in the morning and see him pushing his cultivator up and down the rows of the garden. A plot about 10 feet square at the front, adjacent to the Luckey house, was called "Robert's garden". Bob would help weed and care for that "big acreage" and enjoy the produce from it. When grandpa spoke to him--in praise or correction--his name was "Now, Robert!"²

Grandpa Barnett was a godly business man and highly respected by the villagers. Though devoted to his Lord, he was eccentric and unwavering in some of his convictions. He had a charismatic and imperious personality that tended to draw a few followers. One of his most devoted disciples was Grace Tary whose baking and culinary vocation was legendary in Houghton. His granddaughter, Ethel Barnett Fuller '35, idolized him and published a booklet, *Born To Serve*, on his life. Clarence, also, was a devotee, stubbornly adhering to some of his father's notions. The godly life and witness of grandpa influenced Clarence to seek the Lord at the early age of three years. "He had a definite experience of conversion. Christ became as real to this tiny Christian as to any older person.... He manifested an earnestness and obedience unusual in children". While only 15, he sensed God's call into the ministry of the gospel; but it came as an unwelcome summons. He had other plans for his life. Later, however, he surrendered and accepted God's will for him. This decision came as a great emotional experience; he raced out of his house and through his father's garden shouting and praising the Lord.

Henry and Della Barnett grieved over the loss of two of their sons: their older one, Glen, died of a ruptured appendix in 1915, and their youngest, Howard, succumbed to typhoid fever in 1917. During this time frame, Clarence was matriculating in Houghton Seminary, completing his studies there in 1917. He often spoke wistfully of his two deceased brothers, and named his eldest son, Glenn, after his older brother.

Clarence's extracurriculars in Houghton Seminary included playing a cornet in the school band. He ran in track events as he was fleet of foot. As a pastor, when his church held picnics, Dad would compete in foot races and always won hands down. Years later, he urged his sons to run on Track and Field Day; a couple of them --Gordon and Bob--excelled, even making some school track records.

In 1917, Clarence transferred to the University of Michigan, receiving his A.B. in 1918. When he returned home, he was obnoxiously ostentatious,

some-times vaunting his university degree and looking down on the Bible school undergrads at Houghton. So God sent some correctives into Clarence's life. His godly father was one. The A. J. Shea family was another. Clarence highly esteemed the Rev. Shea, an unpretentious Wesleyan Methodist preacher, who moved his family of six children (at that time) to Houghton in 1917, making it his home base while, for four years, he did itinerant evangelism. His older children attended the Seminary while the younger ones attended the village school. Clarence often said that A. J. Shea was his model pastor. The family member with whom Clarence was more often associated was George Beverly Shea. Though much younger, Bev was exceptionally tall for his age.⁴

The Shea family couldn't afford a bicycle, so Clarence often let young Bev Shea ride his bike. Several times Bev asked Clarence if he would sell him the bike, hoping that, being a friend, he would get a good deal. Clarence always declined, until one day when Bev expressed his desire to buy the bike, Clarence said he would sell it to him for four dollars. Sadly, Bev demurred, indicating he had no money. To his surprise, Clarence then said, "Then I'll give it to you." Bev was so excited that he jumped on the bike and rode it down the hill--even though both tires were flat!⁵

The Shea family had a close relationship to Grandpa Henry, in spite of their son's shenanigans. One day when Bev was only eight, he and another friend messed up the freshly laid cement floor of Grandpa's barn by splashing water on it and defacing the wet concrete. "I had to make restitution to Grandpa Barnett; he made me work to pay for the damages," Bev acknowledged. Bev referred to this stunt in his autobiography where he and his mother shared one of "his most poignant memories...the time I dislodged Mr. Barnett's water pipe and flooded his barn". Bev described my grandfather as "a very stern man."⁷ Grandpa's sternness may be mitigated by the fact that the mischievous stunt happened while Grandpa was still grieving the death of his son, Howard. Young Clarence was deeply affected and his life altered by the Shea family.

The most compelling factor that humbled Clarence was a certain young coed...a charmer with a southern drawl...who made her appearance on campus. Lucy Miller '21 had come to Houghton from Asheville, North Carolina. Her father and mother, Patton and Candy Plemons Miller, had earlier resided in Greenville, South Carolina, where Lucy, while in her early teens, worked in the cotton mills and always gave her paycheck to her father. She had seven brothers and two sisters. Being the eldest of the girls, she had to do all the baking and most of the domestic work around the house--of course, after she came home from working at the mill. Because of her faithful and unflagging toil, her brothers always favored and honored her. Lucy's family were members of the Disciples of Christ (Christian) Church, a.k.a. Campbellites. However,

Lucy came under the ministry of a Wesleyan Methodist pastor. While in Greenville at age 15, she was dramatically converted to faith in Christ under the ministry of an evangelist, the Rev. J. M. Hames, after which she broke ranks from her family and joined the Wesleyan Church. Her parents were antagonistic, and, when her pastor encouraged her to enroll in Houghton Seminary, her father was livid. He wanted her to stay out of Yankee territory and away from those Wesleyan "holiness" people. At her father's encouragement and expense, Lucy had attended a local business college where she learned shorthand, but she needed to attend another year or two before graduating. Her father told her, if she went North to school, she would receive no support from him, in spite of the fact that she had been supporting her family with her paychecks for years. Lucy also had a boyfriend in Asheville, an aspiring young entrepreneur in the cotton business. Though torn between friends and family at home and what she felt was the leading of the Lord, in 1919 she took the train to Houghton, trusting the Lord to provide for her school and living expenses.

Lucy earned her way at Houghton by baking all the bread and helping to prepare the breakfasts. Her baking experiences at home stood her in good stead! However, an early problem developed: the girls in the dorm would gather in her room every night to talk. At first, Lucy enjoyed the friendly fare, but soon she had to ask the girls to please meet somewhere else. Her job required her to rise long before sun-up, so she needed to study and get to bed early. Surprised, her dorm mates said, "Oh, we gather in your room because we like to hear you talk!" Her southern drawl, novel on campus at that time, was becoming.

One of Lucy's affluent aunts helped her solve another problem. This aunt dressed in stylish clothes, but she wouldn't wear an outfit any more than a few times. She learned of Lucy's need and shipped the cast-off clothes to her. Lucy became the best-dressed coed on campus!

Lucy's southern upbringing made her most personable and well-liked by all. One of her friends was another coed, named Thelma Crawford who married a Robert Keeler, a baker's apprentice. Bob Keeler later opened a bakery of his own in Houghton.

Prior to Lucy's debut on campus, Clarence had been romantically interested in at least one other student, Zola Kitterman, who subsequently married Levay Fancher. Grandpa Barnett was opposed to his son dating Lucy. He had picked out another young lady from Akron for Clarence to marry: a Miss Christine Gilliland (the aunt of Carol Gilliland '44 [Stewart] and Dean Gilliland '50), but Clarence couldn't take his eyes off the lovely southern belle. He made advances to go out with Lucy, but his hubris turned her off. With punctured pride, Clarence sought the Lord desperately. He found himself on the two horns of a dilemma: the girl he wanted, didn't want him; and the girl his father wanted

for him, he didn't want. Humbled by this plight, Clarence gained Lucy's affection. They began to date, on the sly at first, to keep in his father's good graces. One of their favorite activities together was ice skating at the cove a mile or more north of Houghton. Lucy sensed a growing love for her now-humbler suitor. When the weather was pleasant, Clarence took Lucy in a horse and buggy to Letchworth State Park. Lucy would pack a picnic lunch and they would spend most of the day in the park. One of the park sites they visited was the statue of Mary Jemison, "The White Woman of the Genesee". Clarence told Lucy that she favored the comely statue. It was on one of their visits to Letchworth that Clarence proposed to Lucy and she accepted his offer of marriage. That got him off of one of his dilemmic horns; now, how were they to get off the other horn? He had never spurned his father's will, but he felt compelled to rebel regarding his life partner. He and Lucy eloped. They fled to Bradford, Pennsylvania, where, on June 15, 1921, the Rev. Grice solemnized their marriage. When Henry Barnett learned of their defiance, he was passionately indignant and churlish towards Lucy for several years. She had borne her father's rejection and now she had to bear the same from her father-in-law.

Clarence and Lucy accepted a pastoral charge at Rich Hill, near Indiana, PA, with two congregations to tend: the Spruce Grove and Penn Run churches. The following year, their first child, Glenn Wilford, was born on April 4, 1922. Their second son, Gordon Richard, called "Buddy," was born 19 months later, on November 29, 1923. The first two siblings were notably contrasting. Glenn was fair and frail; Gordon was dark-haired and chubby.

The following spring, the four Barnetts moved to the state of Iowa where Clarence was installed as pastor of another rural church, at Dayton Valley, near Cedar Rapids. In addition to being a pastor, Clarence "was elected as the rural school director, who hired and paid the teacher, perhaps \$100 per month."¹⁸ This was nearly double what he was paid as a pastor. Here their third child was born, a daughter, Sarah Lucille. Like her brother, Gordon, she too was chubby and dark-haired.

After two years at Dayton Valley, in the summer of 1926, the family moved to the rural Benezette church not far from Bristow, IA. That year Clarence "purchased" his first automobile, a 1925 Model-T Ford with side curtains. This \$450 vehicle was subsidized by Grandpa Barnett for Clarence's annual salary was only about \$600. Grandpa Barnett was beginning to esteem Lucy. In that parsonage, on November 18, 1927, I was born--the fourth of the brood.

The summer of 1929 saw our family of six moving to Independence, Iowa. Our three-year stay in Independence was during the first years of the Great Depression. Dad had no salary; he was able to keep whatever came in the

offering plates. On more than one Sunday, the entire offering was merely 50 cents. The church people, though unable to pay a living wage, were generous in other ways. They brought in produce, butchered a hog so we had meat, conducted an annual wood-cutting bee for firewood and loaned us a cow for milk, from which mother made cottage cheese and churned butter. In spite of our "poverty", the Barnett family thrived!

Campmeeting every August was a family tradition far exceeding any other holiday, including Christmas, in fun and excitement--particularly for the kids! Families, with their children, from all over Iowa, descended upon the campgrounds. We had ten days of play with our buddies.

Because our family was the most prolific, we were regularly assigned the largest room in one of the dorms. Even then, the older boys slept on straw ticks in a big tent. Dad's days were pretty much given over to church business, and afternoon preaching services. For Mother, camp-meeting was less exciting, as the verse says, "*...a mother's work is never done.*" She enjoyed the fellowship with the other pastors' wives, but much of their sisterhood was found in the little hexagon-shaped washhouse where she joined them over scrub boards and washed, ironed and mended clothes together, and all the time riding herd on their children. Mother was "often too tired to attend the conference sessions or services each day."

Two of the most memorable features of campmeeting were the meals in the dining hall, where Mrs. Henrietta "Grandma" Yarrington, from Waterloo, presided as head cook, and the evening song and preaching services in the tabernacle. A rousing song service, sometimes led by Ruby Reisdorph or Kenneth Knapp, and sometimes featuring a quartet from one of the Wesleyan colleges, preceded an evangelistic sermon. For ten nights the mourners bench at the front would be made an altar where tears of conviction and "victory" flowed. The Barnett kids regularly made their way through the sawdust trail, along with many others, to kneel, pray and be renewed.

On August 11, 1930, the fifth Barnett child was born: Robert Earl. A year later, on August 20, 1931, the sixth, David Brainerd, made his debut during campmeeting. With babies coming so regularly and the multitudinous demands of a booming family and the church, Mother came to the point of exhaustion. She urgently prayed for help. Her prayers were answered when, during the 1930 campmeeting, Miss Vera Brainerd sensed God's leading to live with our family. She moved in and became an integral part of our home for ten years.¹¹ Aunt Vera was a great boon to Mother and a marvelous helper for Dad in his church work. She was a Bible teacher but her greatest role was that of a prayer-partner. Aunt Vera did most of the housework for Mother, she taught us older kids how to bake and prepare meals, she told us fascinating stories and prayed with us.

Her prayers were most appreciated when we were sick. She had me pegged to be a preacher and I owe it to her prayers that the Lord later directed my life in that direction.

Due to my mother's many ailments, she made recurring visits to the Mayo Clinic and Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota. Also, on one occasion my brother, Glenn, was treated there. In those days, Mayos offered their medical services free-of-charge to pastors and their families. Mother frequented Mayos so often that she personally knew both of the Mayo brothers, Drs. William and Charles, on a first name basis.

When Dad and Mother set up housekeeping, they established a family altar where the whole family prayed twice each day: immediately after breakfast and before bedtime. In the mornings, Dad would read a chapter from the King James Bible, then we would kneel and all would pray. In the evening, Dad would read from *Hurlburts Bible Story Book*, after which we all would again kneel and pray.

While we lived in Independence, Grandpa Barnett paid us a visit. It appears that he had finally and fully accepted Lucy as his daughter-in-law. According to his granddaughter, Ethel, Henry had "an affectionate nature and a sunny disposition."¹² He was tender and self-denying in dealing with others, especially his family members. He now saw his disaffection towards Lucy, so atypical of him, was wrong and unwarranted and he came to love and embrace her. Soon after he returned to Houghton, Dad received a telegram in March of 1931 announcing his death. Dad and Mother took a train to Buffalo to attend the funeral. "Grandpa's will gave our parents his 1930 light gray Model T Ford with roll-down windows. Grandpa had requested that the car never exceed 35 miles per hour. My parents drove it back to Iowa."¹³ Dad never did say if he drove faster than 35, but I suspect he did!

In August of 1932, Dad became the pastor of the Emmanuel church near La Porte City. It was another rural church--without electricity and plumbing. The parsonage was beside the church and the country school was across the road. There's where I began school as a first grader.

While at Emmanuel, Dad launched out in two evangelistic ventures that had lasting consequences. Knowing that many unbelievers were averse to "darkening the church door", in 1933, Dad pitched a tent in the school yard across the road and invited the Rev. Oliver G. Wilson as evangelist and Dorothy Dunbar (Cretsinger) as the song evangelist. During those meetings, a 29 year old farmer from the neighborhood, Raymond Stephens, was dramatically converted. Later he went to Miltonvale Wesleyan College in Kansas to study and he became a very effective evangelist and pastor.¹⁴

The following year Dad pitched another tent; this one in Waterloo. He

invited the Rev. Will French as an evangelist.¹⁵ They were the first of several tent services in Waterloo which gave birth to the Waterloo First Wesleyan Methodist Church, organized in the fall of 1934. That church grew to be the largest congregation in the Iowa Conference and a "mother" of several satellite churches.

The Emmanuel charge saw the seventh child to join the Barnett Klan on November 9, 1933. Dad wanted to name him Clarence but Mother objected. They compromised and named him Carl Dean.

In the summer of 1934, Dad became the pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Albaton, an extinct community near Sloan and about 18 miles south of Sioux City. The church and parsonage were only about a mile from the Missouri River across from the Winnebago Indian Reservation. Some nights we could see the ceremonial fires and hear the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms. Although this church and parsonage did not have indoor toilets, it did have electricity from a gas-powered generator in the back of the church building. Between the parsonage and the church was a storm cellar where a bank of batteries stored the electricity. Also, our canned goods were stored there and it doubled as a shelter in case of a serious storm. Only once did we take shelter there after a severe storm warning was heard on the radio. But it was a false alarm. The storm never came. We kids were disappointed--not much of excitement ever happened around there!

A family by the name of Fender started coming to the church and both the parents and two children asked to be baptized. Dad immersed them in the Missouri River and, often laughingly, said that he "dipped four Fenders in the river"!

While at Albaton, my eldest brother, Glenn, finished the eighth grade and was sent to Miltonvale Academy in Kansas for his high school years, 1936-1940. He roomed with the college president, C. Floyd Hester '18, a bachelor. The two of them slept together in a three-quarter size bed for three of the years while Glenn was at Miltonvale. By doing odd jobs, making the bed, cleaning the room and running errands for the president, Glenn earned his keep. In the meantime, President Hester saw to it that Glenn maintained good study habits. I remember some of the letters Glenn mailed home in which he tried to impress his parents and Aunt Vera with his sagacious vocabulary. Some of his words were so far-fetched Aunt Vera laughed until she cried!

While at Albaton, Mother and Dad started the first increment of what was called, "the Barnett band." Actually, Dad got it started with his cornet, sometimes playing it in church. Glenn, following in the tradition of his deceased namesake, Uncle Glen, played the violin. Gordon chose the trombone. He learned to play the instrument from a lesson book Dad had bought for him.

Gordon joined Glenn at Miltonvale in 1937, completing high school in three years so that they graduated together. Glenn and Gordon were a study in contrasts as students. Glenn, a model student, always conducted himself with proper decorum. The worse thing he might do was choose the wrong word in a composition! Gordon often kicked over the traces, finding it easy to do mischievous, rebellious, antics. His more serious stunts include: running away for a few days, being caught attending a "movie theater" (interpreted as an "immoral act" by the school), and was arrested for digging up a 100 year-old grave, a violation of the Kansas State law. No doubt, he would have been expelled were it not for President Hester's close friendship with our parents from Houghton Seminary days. Mother, Dad, Aunt Vera and other family members went to their knees when President Hester called informing them of Gordon's wayward ways. On January 19, 1937, the eighth and last child of Clarence and Lucy made his entree: Allan Gene, a healthy, roly-poly boy. In the summer of that year, our family of ten moved to the little town of Rudd, Iowa, a small town of about 300 citizens. Our home, across the road from the church building, was a small bungalow where our large family of ten, plus Vera Brainerd, made-do with the three bedrooms plus a study-bedroom--and a path. With the two eldest boys being away in school most of the year, we didn't notice the cramped conditions so much. However, Dad invited an evangelist for revival meetings twice a year. The evangelist usually was crowded into our little house with the rest of us. Ironically, beside the church facility was the large house that was built to be the parsonage--with indoor toilets, upstairs and down, and five bedrooms--and it was occupied only by an elderly couple, the Moracks. They were active church members, but they had the advantage of being the owners of that large manse. God kept us humble with our crowded, inconvenient dwelling!

The folks kept our family musical. Glenn, Gordon and Lucille took piano lessons from a Miss Jacobson who lived about a mile and a half beyond the little school at Albaton. Lucille and I were given piano lessons at Rudd by (Mrs.) Mary Budensiek. The Rev. Clarence Budensiek was the Iowa Conference President at that time, living in Charles City. To supplement her husband's meager income as conference president, Mrs. Budensiek gave piano and harp lessons. She made an arrangement with my folks to give free piano lessons to Lucille and me on our piano if we opened our home for her to give lessons to other piano students from Rudd. (Later the Budensieks moved to Houghton where Mrs. Budensiek taught in the music department while their sons, Harold '50 and Ronald '53 attended college.) The arrangement worked well. I became proficient enough to go with Dad as the pianist in a second church at Rockford, Iowa, about seven miles away. In a Sunday School room of

an old, abandoned Methodist Church in Rockford, Dad conducted an early worship service and then we returned to Rudd for the 11 AM worship service (where a more accomplished musician accompanied the singing).

To complete our family band, my sister, Lucille, took lessons on Dad's cornet and she also learned to play a cello. I wanted to play a saxophone in the worst way, but my parents vetoed it, claiming the sax was too much of a jazz instrument. They chose for me the clarinet. Neither my sister nor I excelled as instrumentalists but Dad often had Lucille and me play during the evening services at Rudd and once each night in a tent revival at Rockford.

One winter night, Dad and Mother took me to Rockford for an evening service, since I was the church pianist, and then we drove to Charles City to the Cedar River which was now frozen over. For the first time I saw my parents put on ice skates and, like two romantics, they skated, Mother being held in Dad's arms, like they used to do at the cove outside of Houghton when their love was blossoming some twenty years before.

When my two elder brothers were about to graduate from high school at Miltonvale, Mother keenly felt our family should move to Houghton so that we children could attend the college and preparatory (now Houghton Academy). Dad had inherited the large home on the edge of the campus with adjoining properties. The house was large enough to house all our family plus some student-roomers. A Mrs. Wakefield was renting the house and using it as a restaurant named, "Ma Wakefield's". She served meals and short orders to many of the students and used the five upstairs bedrooms as a men's dormitory. It was a profitable business by which she paid the tuition for her son, Lewis Wakefield '42, who was attending Houghton College. Mother proposed that we not only move into the large house but build a tearoom by the house as a business in which we kids could work our way through college.

Dad couldn't see it. He loved the pastorate and didn't want to leave Iowa. If he moved to Houghton, he would no longer be a pastor but a business man. God had called him to preach and he felt constrained to stay in Iowa where he could fulfill his calling. Mother remembered the opposition she received from her father when she sensed God's leading her to Houghton. She went as a young girl then, and, now, she told Clarence she was going again. "You can stay in Iowa and preach, Clarence, but I'm taking the family to Houghton!" Dad doubted if Mother would actually carry out her threat but he remembered how A. J. Shea left the active pastorate and moved to Houghton when his family members were ready for higher education. He was finally convinced when Lucy argued: "Clarence, if we move to Houghton, rather than there being only *one* preacher in the family, we may have two or three preachers!" Dad relented and decided to move to Houghton. He eventually welcomed

the thought of having a business on the campus. When, as a student at the University of Michigan, he learned an unofficial school song which he often sang to us kids: "I want to go back to Michigan/ To dear old Arbor Town/ Back to Joe and the Orient/ Back to some of the money I spent..." If Michigan had its "Joe and the Orient", Houghton, too, could use a reputable eating establishment! While Mom and Dad were dining in a small restaurant called "The Pantry", they liked the name and decided they would have their own Pantry at Houghton.

The summer of 1940 was the Barnett hegira. Dad had a one-wheel trailer made to carry our personal goods and he attached it to his 1936 Chevrolet. All ten of us piled in with Dad, Mother and Lucille holding baby, Allan, in the front seat. In the back, the older three sons, Glenn, Gordon and I each held a younger brother on his lap. Dad drove most of the way but sometimes he had Gordon spell him at the wheel. Gordon was the only other licensed driver in the family. In 1939, for 35 cents, Gordon had purchased a "lifetime" drivers license in Minnesota (a license he used until he relinquished it for a Hawaiian drivers license in 1957 when stationed in Hawaii).

The weary Chevy lasted till we reached Massillon, Ohio, where we spent a week with relatives. There, Dad exchanged his '36 for a '37 Chevy in which we completed the trip. As we pulled into Houghton, the townspeople couldn't believe their eyes! They had read in the newspaper that a Clarence Barnett, in Iowa, lost his wife and his two sons in a private plane crash. What else could they believe but that it was our family that had suffered the loss? It so happened that about two weeks before we left Iowa, a wealthy farmer, named Clarence Barnett (a distant relative), living in Benezette township, where I was born, had given one of his sons a new airplane as a high school graduation present. On a Sunday afternoon, his son took his brother and mother for a ride. He leveled off too soon and crashed, killing all on board. This, the "worst private plane crash in the history of Iowa", made the national news. The people in Houghton, who knew we were moving there in a few weeks, thought, surely, we would not be coming. So, when we rolled into town, that June day in 1940, they were happily astounded!

When we pulled into the driveway at our home in Houghton, and all ten of us started exiting the car, Al Smith '43 living next door was amazed at what he saw! The procession of kids and adults crawling out of one car seemed endless! But we had

arrived at the home of our dreams! Mrs. Wakefield had moved out to another house across the campus,¹⁶ and we started moving in.

The next month Dad began to take the necessary steps to construct the little tearoom on the south side of our house. After receiving some help in the location and design of the building from Mr. Chester York, he hired Mr.

Shutnecht, from Leicester, NY, an uncle of Dr. Frieda Gillette, as the builder, with Mr. Jim Lane as his assistant. Mr. Shutnecht was paid a dollar per hour; Mr Lane was paid \$.80 per hour. It's interesting that Mr. Chester York, when building the new Luckey Memorial Building in 1941-1942, "refused to take more than 75 cents an hour which in those days was a skilled worker's pay."¹⁷ Dad bought an old, second-hand fountain with stools, six booths, eight or nine tables and 30-32 chairs in a Buffalo restaurant supply house. As an overflow and private dining room, space was used in the basement of the house for a "den" with a ramp leading to it. The building was white with green shutters. Its dimensions were about 24 x 32 feet. Its front was shaded by an apple tree. The Rich's Ice Cream Co. supplied our ice cream--a quality product. Later, we made our own ice cream. But that story belongs in the next chapter.

The opening day in September, 1940, drew near. Clarence and Lucy had gone full circle. Houghton was where they met, courted and loved some 20 years earlier. Now they were back on the campus of their beloved school, no longer a seminary but a college. They had left, just the two of them; now there were ten: the same two plus a family of eight children--to put to work and to educate.

"Did ye not hear it? --No! 'Twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined...."¹⁸

3

The Honeymoon Years,

1940-1942

In the summer of 1940 there were already two tearoom-restaurants in Houghton: Ma Wakefield's and The College Inn. Ma Wakefield's had moved out of the Barnett house to the corner of Centerville Road and Genesee Street at the north end of the campus (later the home of Wesley Moon). The College Inn was "downtown" in the Waldorf House (formerly the Waldorf Temperance Hotel) and run by the Howard Eyley family. Ma Wakefield's had the advantage of serving meals as well as short orders, to the delight of some students who didn't care for the fare at the College dining hall. The College Inn served the downtown area well. Margie Miller, when rooming at the Panich House, remembers patronizing and being treated at the Inn while on dates.

Of course, there was the College Book Store, with its lone window on the long lower hall connecting the Old Ad and Science Buildings. Norman "Casey" Kaylor '42, assisted by Forrest "Baldy" Gearhart '44, manned the store, selling various candies, jewelry and, of course textbooks and other school supplies.

When the Pantry was being built, the campus was astir with anticipation. Paul Scrimshaw '43 reminisces:

As I was at Houghton the year before the Pantry was built and the year following. Some of my memories reflect "Ma Wakefield's" and the gatherings there before...the construction of the PANTRY began. I remember the anticipation of a new "hangout" where we could go when we had some change in our pockets and we felt the need to get together for a hamburger and cokes.²

That anticipation came to a climax on Friday, September 10, 1940, the day of the grand opening of The Pantry. There were no formalities other than serving the college president, Dr. Stephen W. Paine, the first customer, a complimentary hot fudge sundae, the house specialty. Willard Smith was present with camera ready to record the gala occasion. Business was brisk on the

opening day, and that night, being a "date night", we were challenged with our first "rush"! We called it a "blitzkrieg" ("lightning war")! After the artist series performance, the little tearoom quickly filled to capacity in a few minutes time. The Pantry was in near pandemonium. The greenhorn staff was overwhelmed. Clarence kept the coolest as he tended the cash register and sold popcorn. Behind the fountain, my brother Gordon and Mike Holloway created a plethora of sundaes, sodas and cokes; and in the kitchenette, Lucy drew on her culinary dexterity. They all filled the Niagara of orders. But with the waiters, it was bedlam! Some couldn't keep their orders straight. My brother Glenn tells of the occasion: "I remember how I took orders galore—not knowing to whom they belonged!"¹ I, also, was a waiter that night and had much to learn!

Customers, too late to get a seat, stood and waited, crowding into every vacant spot, not wanting to miss the treat of eating in the newest "hangout" on the campus. Not many left for one of the other two tearooms that night. However, on subsequent date nights, the slower customers knew that their best chance for a treat was to head for the Inn.

Another lesson we learned that first night: we needed more supplies. We ran out of coke syrup, whipped cream (the aerosol cans of "whipped cream" were not yet on the market) and we found we needed more than two milkshake cups. When we ran out of milk, Glenn ran upstairs for more. There was none in the frig, but the cat's dish had a few ounces of the precious fluid. Glenn never did say if he cheated the cat that night! Later, on "rush" nights, we served milk shakes in soda glasses which we had plenty of. The important thing about any first day—or night—is to get through it! And that we did. However, we debriefed the occasion and took measures to never be so overwhelmed again!

The milk served in the Pantry was from our personal "dairy"—our own two cows housed in our small barn. Because we served unpasteurized milk, Dr. McMillen, acting as the Public Health Officer, directed us to put up a visible sign in the Pantry: "We Serve Raw Milk". He also advised us to purchase and use special equipment for handling the milk to keep it safe for serving our customers. We were careful to follow his instructions.

Our cows were as much a part of us as pets are to others. In Iowa, while my two older brothers were away at school, it was my responsibility to look after the cows: to feed, water and milk them as well as to clean out their stalls. In Houghton, after my older brothers were gone, the cows were again my bailiwick. In the spring and summer, Dad found pasture for the cows in various places. First he kept them in a large pasture owned by Mr. Estabrook (later George and Miriam Kay '49 resided in the Estabrook house). The pasture extended back into the still undeveloped woods and hills bordering the Centerville Road (later, the Clark Farm Road), but not as far back as the Boy Scouts' cabin. In order for me to locate the cows, I had a cowbell put on one of

them. Fortunately, they always paired off together. One day, one of the cows acted almost uncontrollable. She was feisty and it was difficult to get her to stand still while I milked her. Mr. Estabrook, saw her antics and said, "She must be in the heat." "No," I replied, "I doubt if it's that, as the day has been quite cool"! Then Mr. Estabrook gave me my first lesson on bovine sexual reproduction!

For another period, Dad staked out the cows up the ravine behind the barn. One of the cows had a pair of large, well-formed horns. She was prone to freak accidents: getting one of her front legs caught in her horns and falling over until someone released her. One day, when she lowered her head to drink from the little tinkling stream that wound its way through the ravine, her horn got caught behind her front leg again. Raising her head caused her to raise her leg and lose her balance. She fell onto her side with her nose barely under a little puddle of the water. Unable to extricate herself from that position, she drowned. Our dairy "herd" was cut in half. We had to start purchasing the milk for the Pantry from the store.

A year or two later, the remaining cow created a sensation in the middle of the night. Ed Mehne '49 tells us about this uproarious event.

I do recall my days at the Barnett house with considerable delight. One occupant was Romeo Baronia from the Philippines. Your parents had a cow which one night awakened Romeo with sounds that he, coming from a rural background, interpreted as distress in calving. He went out to the barn and assisted in delivery of a healthy calf.²

One of the coeds, Isabelle "Issie" Dayton '47, wanted to learn how to milk a cow. Issie, an attractive, congenial gal with rosy cheeks and a perpetual smile, asked if she could go with me to the cow stall and try her hand at milking. I replied, "Why not?" She had a tougher time negotiating the one-legged milking stool than she had squeezing out a stream of milk. If milking-mastery was a criterion, she would have made a good farmer's wife! I admired her spunk, however.

Perhaps the most innovative—and to many, memorable—particular of the Pantry was the nickelodeon (it thrived on nickels: thus its early name). One of Mother's closest friends was Mrs. Pierce Woolsey. I suspect that her son, Warren, used his mom to influence my mom to have such a musical rarity (at that time) installed in the Pantry. Warren, a college sophomore in 1940, often requested certain songs be added to the repertoire of platters that were updated every month or two by the leaser. Warren comments:

Especially memorable was the jukebox, which at the time seemed like a major cultural breakthrough, to the dismay of a few and the joyous approval of the many. To take the "curse" off, as we remember, there was always a hymn or some sort of sacred selection available. But it was seldom played. What we did play were pop tunes which, in comparison with most current popular music, were so wholesome and singable (age

showing, of course): "Deep Purple", "We'll Build a Stairway to the Stars", "Always".⁵

Other patrons of those earliest years remember other hits: "Red Sails in the Sunset", Francis Langford in "Harbor Lights"; the Ink Spots singing "We Three"; Glenn Miller's "Blueberry Hill", "Elmer's Tune" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"; Tommy Dorsey's "I'll Never Smile Again" and Jimmy Dorsey's "The Breeze and I". Besides the religious tune, mother once thought it would be great to include our national anthem. I remember it being played only once: Someone—I heard it was Merwyn "Red" Ellis '42—put in a nickel for "The Star Spangled Banner" during a "rush"! I was in the den at the time taking orders when those stirring words, "Oh say can you see..." penetrated the place. Nearly everyone felt compelled to stand, and did—adding chaos to confusion! Those were the days when our people—even our students—were patriotic!

Once the nickelodeon almost created a fight. My brother, Gordon, tells of an escapade involving the jukebox:

I was a freshman. The Juniors were having a bonfire rally near Bedford gym a few hours before a basketball game where the Juniors were to play the Freshmen. They were calling our team terrible names and making much noise. It made me a bit jealous.

I had the watch in the Pantry. Therefore, I turned the jukebox and aimed the large speaker out the opened window. I played a song with the volume turned up to the maximum. The song? I don't remember, but the Juniors were defeated in the noise contest.

A Junior named Jim Hughes '44 came running to the Pantry screaming, demanding that I turn the music off. He seemed to be ready to fight and since he was larger than I was, I thought that reason was better than a battle. So I turned the music off and Jim and the Juniors went back to their pep rally.

That night the Freshmen creamed the Juniors in the fateful basketball game! He who laughs last, laughs best.⁶

The Barnett family had to supplement the work force with some student help. Two of the regulars were Myron "Mike" Holloway and Ralph "Blackie" Black. Mike was an old family friend, a transfer from Miltonvale Wesleyan College in Kansas, where my two older brothers had attended the Academy. Mike had sung with the Miltonvale quartet that had visited and sung in Dad's church in Iowa. He worked in the Pantry to defray his room expense at our house. Mike was a most well-liked guy, jovial and athletic. In basketball, he scored the highest in the first round (1940) of the men's class division (Doris Driscoll '42 was the high scorer in the "black stocking" division)⁷ and starred on the Purple basketball and baseball teams. Mike's ears were prominent and tended to protrude. Jokingly, his friends used to ask (in his presence): "How is Mike like a jackrabbit?" The answer: "Because he can run so fast!" He grew used to it and laughed with the others. Typical of his wisecracks is one he told me: "In the future they're going to make tires out of cement...and the highways out of rubber!"

Blackie was one of Mother's "fair-haired boys". In spite of his reputation for "kicking over the traces" of his Wesleyan upbringing—his father was the pastor of the College Church—Mother usually defended and befriended him. (Blackie never forgot this: Later, when he was the manager of the Buffalo Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, he gave her free tickets to concerts at Kleinhans Music Hall). Blackie was a poet⁸, he taught swimming and life saving courses in the Bedford Gym pool, he was a virtuoso of popular music, having an enormous personal record collection, which proved helpful in selecting some of the platters used in the nickelodeon.

Mike and Blackie worked together famously—furiously during blitzkriegs—keeping the tearoom a place of laughter and fun. Besides the apron, the early attire included a white jacket ("monkey suit") and a hat to match. A frequent patron, Gerry Schuster, helped to personalize Mike's, Blackie's and Gordon's jackets by embroidering their names onto them.

One of the items on the first Pantry menu was a "Paine's Special", for 35 cents, the most expensive item on the menu. There were no directions as to its make-up and, as far as I know, it was only ordered one time: a triple order by Drs. Crystal Rork, Frieda Gillette and Miss Mildred Gillette, on their first visit soon after the Pantry opened. Sitting in a booth, they each curiously ordered this special. Blackie and Mike got their heads together to come up with a suitable concoction that would do justice to Dr. Paine's honored name. It took them several minutes as they bent over behind the fountain, whispering ideas to each other and doing some experimenting. Finally, after heaping several flavors of ice cream and toppings together with a dollop of whipped cream topped by a cherry, the specials were proudly delivered to the awaiting ladies. Mike and Blackie immediately retreated to the den and listened for any critical remarks. We aren't sure what the trio thought of the specials, but soon afterwards, Dr. Paine requested that we remove his name from the menu. This we did by inking in the change to "Spaine's" Special. The new name had lost its luster; it was never requested and, when the next menu was printed, it was omitted.

Customers kept coming up with new combinations, some of which became quite popular. Mr. Durwood Claytor, a faculty interim zoology professor preceding Dr. Moreland, introduced his favorite dish: a pecan roll, sliced in two, buttered and then grilled. That came to be a preferred choice of many. Willard Cassel's usual order was a grilled cheese sandwich with mustard applied *before* grilling. (Not many others caught on to that recipe but, to this day that's the way I always fix my grilled cheese sandwiches). A special dish, dreamed up by the Yorkwood girls that soon became known as "the Yorkwood special", was a glazed donut topped with a dip of vanilla ice cream and covered with hot fudge. Dick Bennett regularly ordered a "coke cherry", a phosphate heavy on the cherry and light on the Coca-cola syrups. Eventually, other

combinations as "coke lemon" and even chocolate coke, caught on. Not until '49 did we sell bottled sodas ("tonics" to Bostonians). Instead, all of our drinks were "jerked" at the fountain.

Occasionally there were some outlandish offerings. No doubt, the most deviant, and certainly infrequent, order filled was one that Gordon improvised: "I remember once that I cooked a hamburger for two friends and I purposely left out the meat of one of their burgers. I put a half-inch slice of onion with much ketchup and mustard in that one. He ate it with relish and never missed the meat." He didn't even peer at the contents and cry "Where's the beef"?

Perhaps the most unusual "special" was Blackie's idea. On the large mirror behind the back-bar he chalked these words: "FREE TODAY- HOBOSODAS." As would be expected in frugal times, many requested this special only to receive a glass of water with a floating toothpick! Blackie's wit was matched by his wisdom. When he was teaching me how to use the popcorn machine and I questioned his adding so much salt, he said, "Bev, the saltier you make the corn, the more drinks you will sell!"

From the day we opened, after ice cream, the most popular food delight was Keeler's pastries: creamsticks, jelly donuts, glazed donuts and pecan rolls. Creamsticks were by far the favorite—we couldn't get enough of them. Mother "cautioned new workers not to eat too many of them." A favorite morning, between-classes snack was a couple (if not a half dozen) creamsticks and a cup of coffee, tea, a coke or glass of milk.

Several of the faculty and staff were frequent customers. Two bachelors were Durwood Claytor (mentioned above) and Dr. Bob Luckey. "Doc. Jo" Rickard often came and always ordered a pot of tea and stressed that the water must be boiling. She didn't drink much of the tea but used it to sterilize the silverware! Alton Cronk, after an artist series, would occasionally bring the artist for a treat. One night when I took their order, the artist, with a strong accent, asked, "Do you have any beeah?" Mrs. Neighbour, the librarian, often had lunch with her daughter, Martha '41. Ann Madwid '40, the registrar, also was a regular.

The Pantry was more than a place to eat; it was a venue of activity, too. One of the more frequent patrons was John MacGregor whose family regularly sent him a stipend which permitted him to eat "out." Johnnie was a clown and never without words to amuse and animate. One of his routines was to mimic a fitful person on a subway. He would put the point of a collapsed umbrella against the ceiling while holding onto the other end, all the while moving in gyrations as if he was having a hard time keeping his balance. He helped to keep the Pantry a lively place, and his patronage went far to keep us in business the first year.

John Broadhead Sheffer (whom my high school cronies idolized,

calling him "Big John") was handsome, athletic and one of the most admired of the students: a member of the College Quartet, a high scorer for his class and Purple basketball teams and a standout on the tennis courts. Perhaps John was best known and appreciated as an assistant in the zoo lab. He was also a trend setter. Almost from his first visit to the tearoom, his routine was juggling. A large bowl of oranges was kept on the counter of the fountain for freshly squeezed orange juice. John had other uses for the orange orbs: he would invariably pick up three and flawlessly juggle them for several minutes. His performances soon caught on; other patrons tried their hand at juggling *with those same oranges*! It didn't take long for them to be "bouncing" onto the floor and becoming bruised and too unappealing to serve. So, we removed the jinxed oranges "out of harm's way", only to see other objects tossed into the air, viz., peanuts, cans of soup, napkin dispensers, milk shake cups—whatever was handy. Some students—Les Beach being one—became quite expert at juggling, thanks to the fad John started.

Another set of fads that "Big John" either started himself, or gave impetus to, was several versions of Houghton-ese consisting of mysterious monosyllabic sounds. First came "Yo", used as an exclamation or an abrupt yell, in place of "Wow!" or a greeting instead of "Hi"! Or even instead of "Yes"! After it had run its course, it was replaced by an even more senseless expression: "Phumpf"! To say it right, you had to contort your mouth to look like a beaver with incisors showing. It wasn't necessarily used in place of any more common word, but was simply used to get attention or as a verbal salute. The next fad was an expression that defies spelling as well as meaning, sounding as if you were trying to say "meow", "my" and "marry" all at once! You had to skew your face and growl it out of the side of your mouth! The fourth and last (for a while) was "Bone"! This locution was easier to pronounce and made a little more—a very little more—sense. It was usually used in place of a person's name, i.e. "Hey, 'Bone', listen!" To my recollection, "Big John" was either the originator of, or he gave legitimacy to, these fun but farcical utterances.

John's standard order was a dish of vanilla ice cream, with an occasional cup of coffee. Regardless of the tasty varieties of ice cream we might have, we could count on him always ordering his standard dish of vanilla cream.

Mention has been made of a "tradition" beginning the first year and continuing for several years. On "date nights", after the men deposited their gals at their respective dorms, many of the men would return to the Pantry for a more leisurely time and treat. A get-together quartet would crowd into one of the booths and sing several of the well-known quartet numbers a la Stamps-Baxter. Sheffer usually carried the bass. He was joined by such others as Dave Paine, Wilber "Willie" Waaser '45, Cliff Little '45, Frank Houser and various

others who had quartet experience. It not only entertained the late-staying patrons, but also those of us who were cleaning up after the door was locked.

Shirley Fidinger '41 frequented the Pantry, often as some guy's date, as she was the heart-throb of many longing suitors. She was Dave Paine's "steady" for a while, however, other guys vied for her attention. Mike Holloway was a "closet" beau (Mike's relationship with his lady friend from Miltonvale, Margaret Hofer '42, was tenuous). Shirley also starred on the tennis and basketball courts, being the captain of the Golden Girls basketball team.

Undoubtedly the most convivial customer during the first two years was C. Allyn Russell. Al loved baseball, playing on the Gold and varsity baseball teams. But it was his baseball stories that kept the Pantry patrons amused. However, baseball really took a back seat for Al. He was on the staff of the *Boulder*, the *Lantern* and the Editor of the *Star*. Bert Hall '43, was on the *Star* staff and tells of Al's drive, generosity and Pantry patronage:

My clearest memory was of the days of putting out the Houghton Star in the print shop in the basement of the Science Building. Al Smith [43] at the linotype, Ev Gilbert running the Lee press, and me setting heads for the stories as Al Russell, the *Star* editor, brought in the corrections. When the hour got near 12 midnight, when the Pantry closed, one of us would say, "Well, guess we can't get the *Star* out for the Thursday morning reading. Al. Getting late! We're sleepy!" And Al would say, "Can I get you boys some coffee?" Whereupon he would trip over to the Pantry and bring back a sack of hamburgers, Keeler's doughnuts, and coffee. The print shop boys would devour these and get back to work. The *Star* would come out for the students on Thursday morning. I can't remember how many times we pulled that one, but I do remember I finished running the paper one morning at 5:00 a.m. and crawled up on the press for a snooze before my 8:00 a.m. Greek class.¹⁰

Jack Hanes '42 often came for lunch. His usual place was at the far end of the fountain, near the grill, and his customary order was a bowl of soup. While Mother was preparing a sandwich for another customer who had asked for lettuce to be added, Mother smilingly asked: "Do you know what a honeymoon salad is? It's lettuce alone!"...after which Jack chimed in, "...without dressing!" Mother's smile changed to astonishment. That was a bit more risque than she would say, but Pantry life was having a broadening effect upon her.

Another frequent Pantry patron, one more reserved but equally as active in the campus life, was Clarence "Bud" Morris '44. Bud's activities were many and diverse: in sports he was on the winning Purple and the varsity basketball teams; he held the title in tennis on both the table and the clay courts, though he had stiff competition on the table from Richard Bennett and Phil Chase, and on the tennis courts from Dave Paine, Dick Lang and Bob Oehrig.¹¹ In track and field, Bud was on the relay team with Franklin Markell '44, Keith Sackett '41 and Gordon Barnett '46 (the anchor). They ran the mile relay in 1 min.50 sec.,¹² a record that still stands. In 1941, Bud played clarinet in Prof.

Cronk's little symphony orchestra and sang in the chapel choir; in '42 he was in the a cappella choir and, later that year, he joined one of the two college quartets. Besides Bud as the bass, the quartet was composed of Robert Williams '46, first tenor, Harland "Hi" Hill '44, baritone, and Wilbur Waaser, second tenor.¹³ While traveling for the College in the summer of '42, the quartet underwent a tragic single-car accident. Bud was suddenly killed and went to be with his Lord—where he sings yet in the heavenly choir. His testimony was not so much talk but, rather, walk; or perhaps it is better described as a run: Bud "ran in such a way as to get the prize" (1 Cor 9:24). The Pantry was honored to claim him as a regular patron.

During the first year, a craze on other campuses also hit Houghton: swallowing live goldfish. Jim Prentice '44 arranged for a goldfish in a bowl on the Pantry fountain. When he had a suitable audience, he dropped the ill-starred fish in his mouth and swallowed it alive—and flopping! Others tried this stunt, too. But my brother, Gordon, wanting to one-up Prentice, put a two-edged razor blade in his mouth, chewed it up and swallowed it without any damage to either end of his alimentary canal, and all parts in-between!

In the spring of '41 the campus was polarized over theology; specifically over the doctrine of perseverance. The "Calvinists" tended to make "Ma Wakefield's" their center. Keith Sackett was one of the more vocal spokesmen for "eternal security". The Pantry was the center for the Wesleyan-Arminians who contended for "conditional security." Heated quarrels over the issue became so prevalent and persistent that Dr. Paine called a special meeting, hoping to mitigate the conflict. He, of course, leaned towards the Wesleyan position. Dr. Paine directed his auditors to the "Eternal Life Summary" in the *Scofield Reference Bible*.¹⁴ Scofield writes: "(1) The life is called 'eternal' because it was from the eternity which is past unto the eternity which is to come.... (3) The life thus imparted is not a new life except in the sense of human possession; it is still 'that which is from the beginning.'" Dr. Paine indicated that as long as one possesses this life he has eternal life; it doesn't necessarily mean that once one possesses this life he has it eternally. He likened eternal life to a river in which you can enter and leave as you will. As long as you are in the river you have eternal life. The Calvinist caucus was not convinced. The peace of the Pantry was often jeopardized; what would start out as a friendly discussion grew into a debate that often heated into a quarrel. Fortunately, the school year came to a close, Sackett graduated and all other protagonists left for home with no resolution being reached and the issue remained dormant thereafter.

The following year, the tone in the Pantry was transformed from polemic bickering over doctrine to a more irenic atmosphere of praise and thanksgiving. In February, 1942, Houghton was blessed with an unusual revival with the Rev. B. N. Miner as the evangelist. The *Star's* first page article stated:

"Three hundred seekers at the altar, capacity crowds, and services from which no one wanted to go home were salient features of Houghton's recent revival...a host of new voices raised in testimony to the saving power of the Lord, an exhausted but happy student body viewed the conclusion of the meetings that precipitated one of the great religious awakenings in Houghton's history."¹⁴

The revival fervor spread across the campus—even to the neighboring towns—and pervaded the Pantry. A student, Irene Stephens '45, who worked for my mother and, when needed, helped in the Pantry, writes of her memory of those days: "A special memory was the conversations in the Pantry about the revival that came to Houghton that year. It was so refreshing to hear how God was helping the students spiritually and in all areas of their lives." What a contrast with the theological wrangling of the year before!

Irene Stephens played a significant, behind-the-scenes role, regarding one of the reasons for the Pantry's uniqueness: its home-made ice cream. Irene grew up in one of the first churches my father pastored in Pennsylvania. She enrolled in the class of '45 and worked for Mother. She told my parents about her brother, Bob Stephens, who owned a dairy-store, "The Dairy Bobbette", at Clymer, Pennsylvania. Bob had an ice cream making machine for sale. Arrangements were made for the purchase of the machine and its delivery to the Pantry. Irene's sister, raven-haired Jane Stephens (Putt), came in the truck with the machine. Because my mother was very ill at the time, Jane stayed, rooming at our house and working for Mother upstairs and sometimes downstairs in the Pantry for the remainder of the school year.

I'm getting ahead of my story. When the Pantry was opened we served a high quality ice cream made by the Rich's Ice Cream Co. in Buffalo. Why did we choose Rich's ice cream? On that question hangs a tale.

When we had to decide which ice cream to use, the representative from the Frojoy company brought to us a pint of his cream and a pint of Rich's ice cream to compare. It was obvious that his cream was so far superior in quality to that of his competitor, so Dad signed the contract to use the Frojoy brand. Soon after his visit, Dad went down to Cronk's grocery store where Rich's ice cream was sold. Marshall Cronk, the proprietor, told Dad about the FroJoy salesman coming into his store and asking for a pint of his cheapest ice cream. (The cheapest ice cream cost about twenty cents per pint at that time.) Then Dad went across the street to Cott's grocery store where Frojoy ice cream was sold. Talking with Worth Cott, Dad learned that the same salesman bought a pint of his top-of-the-line, thirty-five-cent-per-pint, ice cream. It was clear, when tasting the two creams, that we were "comparing apples with oranges". Dad was so incensed by this unethical con-job that he invalidated the Frojoy contract and, thus, we served Rich's ice cream that first year.

Making our own ice cream had some decided advantages: we could

make a higher quality cream with less air in it and we could make a greater variety of flavors. But the compelling factor was the price of mix: it was so low at that time that we doubled our profit margin by making and serving our own cream.

Of course, we made all the standard brands: vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, maple nut, etc., but we came up with a recipe that was especially popular. We learned what was distinctive about Hershey's chocolate: they added coffee. So, we tried adding real coffee (after it was cooled) to a mild mixture of chocolate flavoring. In shade, it was much lighter and it was most tasty! We called it "Scotch" chocolate. Today it would be called mocha. Jean French '43 (Knickerbocker) writes: "I never remember chocolate ice cream that was so good—they must have had their own secret formula."¹⁶ That we did, Jean.

During our second year in the Pantry, the first crisis hit: during a "rush" night, the popcorn machine caught fire. My brother, Bob, takes the blame for the fire: "I had popped the corn until the machine was FULL, and I mean full, before the basketball game.... I must have left the kettle on before I went to the game..." The greasy butter overheated and burst into flames. Some of the guys near the popcorn machine immediately went into action and helped Dad roll the machine out the front door and onto the grass where the flames were doused. Richard Beach '50 who had started dating my sister, Lucille, offered to repair the damage to the popcorn machine. He transported it to his home in the south of town and within a couple of weeks he made it look and work as it did when it was new. We Barnetts were so favorably impressed with what Dick did with that burned-out machine that we were convinced he would be a worthy suitor for Lucille! (After 50 plus years together as husband, and then in succession as father, grandfather and great grandfather, we Barnetts are still convinced of his worthiness.)

Perhaps the most cherished aspect of the Pantry was its being a place where romance bloomed. The nickelodeon's strains provided the leitmotif for wooing, waiting and some wishful hoping. Horace Heidt's "I don't want to set the world on fire./ I just want to start a flame in your heart....", Harry James' "I don't want to walk without you Baby..." and other romantic tunes expressed the sentiments of many lovers. Robert Dingman's analysis of the Pantry's role in courtship was well attested:

The Pantry was the apex of social life at Houghton those days during the '40s. After all, the only other place to parade a date was the Inn...and (it was) not even on the hill. After a ball game, what a crowd! If you had a date, you had hopes for, it was a place to be seen together a couple of times and hope the other guys would see she was "taken"¹⁸.

Margaret Mann '42 (Markell) gives the downside of Pantry dates:

I...have many happy memories of my visits there, especially on date nights.... Sometimes

I was lucky enough to have a date, but many times my house-mates and I in Greenberg Cottage, visited the Pantry in hopes of picking up one. If we saw the young man we currently had a crush on sipping a soda or a milkshake with someone else, we went away disheartened and, sometimes, even heart-broken. In other words, what went on at the Pantry on date night affected our emotional well-being and self image. One never forgets those feelings¹⁹.

Who were some of those beaux and belles who courted in the Pantry during those honey-moon years? John MacGregor was often there with Anne Madwid '40, the college registrar; Warren Woolsey with Alegra "Boots" Keeler; and John Sheffer dated Leola Avery '45 a few times. Dr. Bob Luckey dated various coeds.²⁰ My brother Gordon, being a "girl's man", even though he had to work on date nights, went out with a variety of lovely girls: Doris Armstrong '44, Margaret Mann, Doris Driscoll, Melva Dietrich '45 (Freeborn), Margaret "Peg" Hamilton (Hill) '44 and Phoebe Lambourne '46 (Thompson) were some of his dates.

These should be chalked up as "good tries" but short-lived. John MacGregor released Anne after he went into the army; she later married Richard Farwell '34 and John married Catherine Finlayson (not an alumnus). Warren Woolsey later married Ella Phelps '43, a class mate. Leola Avery became Mrs. Culley and John Sheffer married Shirley Fidinger. The magic of the Pantry had no guarantees!

Other couples had a more lasting success rate; courting in the Pantry was antecedent to their honeymoon: Max Stebbins '43 and Dorothy Krentel '45, Allan McCartney '41 and Evelyn Geer '41, Dale Dunkelberger '43 and Edith Bullock '42, Lawrence Olson '45 and Audrey Crowell '42, Stephen Ortlip '42 and Doris Armstrong, and Jane Hall '41 and Chester "Chet" Heimburg 41. (Jane and Chet were two of my practice teachers; but I am somewhat remorseful in remembering Jane. I was a cut-up in class—along with a few other class-mates. On the last day she was to practice teach, while the supervising teacher was out, I participated in a barrage of cat-calls and general misbehavior that were more than Miss Hall could handle. She burst into tears! I'm not sure if I expressed any apology to her at that time so I hope, if and when she reads this chapter, she will know how sorry I was—and am—and will forgive me!)

Two other couples belong in this category: Jessie DeRight and Thelma Fuller; also Frank Houser and Helen Esther Baker. Here again hangs another tale: Jesse DeRight and Thelma Fuller were frequent lover-patrons. Thelma tells an interesting story:

...the Pantry was a favorite place of our dating years.... As Jess and I never had much cash, we remember our favorite order: 2 long Johns [cream sticks] and a coke with 2 straws... We really got a kick out of seeing how little we could live on and still have the

luxury of Pantry life. We had many a good chuckle and laugh over it.... There is...one other episode that became an "eye-popper". Even though Jess was the same age as myself he started school when 4 yrs. old so I was two years behind him. He went on to Yale Law School and while there Frank Houser...as well as myself decided to change (or at least try to) a habit that developed in Houghton. At that time, if a girl went out with a fellow twice in a row they were considered going "steady" and off limits to other girls and fellows. Frank was dating a girl [Helen Baker] as well as myself with Jess and we were almost dared to have a date with each other. So we did. As we walked into the Pantry after the Artist Series Concert and sat at the counter, eyes began to stare and then many burst out their threats of writing Jess and Frank's girl. Of course, even though it stirred up a little hornet's nest, it changed nothing as to dating habits but we had fun doing it. Of course, our girl and boyfriends already had been informed.

This tale has a sequel: When Frank was away, Helen and Dave Paine conspired to test this entrenched tradition regarding dating at Houghton; they hatched a scheme to have a date together in the Pantry. Again, people began to stare and wonder. But this "experiment" turned sour. Frank returned and was told of Helen's "date" with Dave. He showed a coolness toward her for a day or two. While normally they would sit and "study" together in the library, now Frank seated himself at a distance from Helen and tried—in vain—to ignore her. Soon their eyes caught each other and Frank wilted. He motioned with his finger for her to join him. This she did, happily. Their little hiatus was ended. They now laugh at their tit for tat dating "experiments" in the Pantry.

The Pantry played a role in Frank and Helen Houser's getting together. On their first date in 1941, after a Purple-Gold basketball game they played ping-pong at Willard Smith's house [where Houser roomed], then they took a "trip to the Pantry for refreshments."²¹

While Vaughn Monroe sang: "My devotion, is endless and deep as the ocean..." and Glenn Miller played, "That Old Black Magic", many a couple, while sitting in the Pantry sipping sodas or even sharing a coke and a couple of creamsticks, have felt the cords of love drawing them together; their relationship began to take on a deeper dimension.

"Music I heard with you was more than music

And bread I broke with you was more than bread."²²

The War Years

1942 - 1944

Rudy Vallee sang, "As Time Goes By", ushering us into the troubling years when Kay Keyser's, "Praise the Lord, and Pass the Ammunition....", Horace Heidt's "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire" and Vaughn Monroe's "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World" became a frightening but hopeful prospect. America was pulled into World War II.

Of course, the war had been waging from 1938 to 1941: Austria and Czechoslovakia were swallowed up by the "Third Reich" and, more recently, Hitler's tanks and Junker 87 Stuka dive bombers blitzkrieged Poland and France until they fell before the Nazi juggernaut; the *Luftwaffe* bombed England unmercifully with their Junker 88 and Heinkel 111 bombers; and then the German panzer units invaded the Soviet Union making some early giant-stride successes—until the Russian winter stalled them. While these acts of war waged in Europe, Japan was on the warpath too: ravaging Manchuria and much of eastern China. During these crises years in the East and the West the United States loitered in complacency, failing to provide any semblance of world leadership. When Roosevelt was running for his third term, he promised American mothers: "Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars"; thus giving the Axis powers a *de facto* pledge that "they had nothing to fear from the United States." "While war waged around the world, (Roosevelt) failed to mobilize the United States".¹

Houghton, nestled in the rural back country, felt well-isolated from the war. Comforted by our president's assurances of staying out of the war, the student body kept on a classes-as-usual course. But there were some who doubted that America's isolationist policies would prevail for long. The Pantry, now the sole tearoom on the campus, provided a venue for much discussion on

this matter. Burt Swales put it succinctly:

I do remember (the Pantry) as sort of an "oasis" amid the arid land of text books and lectures. A place where "roaming singles" delighted in being there to see who was dating who.
A place to retreat in the off class hours,
a place to sip a coke,
a place to discuss the merits of PURPLE vs GOLD,
a place to exchange concerns about the oncoming global skirmish
(Emphasis added).²

These concerns came to a violent and fiery conclusion on a portentous Sunday: December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor and other military bases in Hawaii were thrown into the crucible of war by a Japanese surprise attack. This ended America's isolationist nonchalance, prompting our president's speech to Congress declaring on December 8, 1941,—the "day that will live in infamy". America was caught utterly weak and unprepared militarily. Manpower-wise, we had only one combat-ready army division; the Germans had 208 and the Japanese over 100. We had only 200 tanks and 471 military aircraft while the Germans had 3500 tanks and 2700 planes on their eastern frontier alone. "Never in human history has the preparedness gap between potential enemies been greater."³

Overnight, America went into high gear preparing to become "the arsenal of democracy". Like the rest of the country, Houghton relinquished what seemed like a disproportionate number of its students and faculty to the war effort. The campus was decimated of its male members. Many former Pantry "regulars" departed, viz. Mike Holloway, Johnny MacGregor, Tom Groome '47, Tony LaSorte, "Red" Ellis, Dick Bennett, Virgil Polley '43, Will Waaser, Dale Dunkelburger '43, Marlin Kreider, Wallace Clements, Paul "String" Miller '43, Jack "Soupy" Campbell '43, Richard Beach (my sister's fiancé), and his brother Leslie Beach '49, Warren Dayton '44, Henry Samuels '45. The *Star* lists "11 Students In Air Corps Reserve Report For Duty", which included Byron Sheesley '48, Donald Hertel, Clarence Burlingame, Irving R. Clark, Kenneth Clark '48, Stewart Folts '47, Fred Hill '43, Kenneth Kouwe '47, David Robbins '47, Lauren Robinson, Stanley Tabor '45, Carl Wagner, Warren Woolsey, Wallace Clements, Harold Landin, David Ostrander '45, Harold Putman '45, Bert Swales '43 and William Work '43. Some of these fly-boys-to-be had to leave positions of leadership: Warren Woolsey was Student Council president, Ken Kouwe, the business manager for the *Boulder* and Burt Swales, the senior class president. Stew Folts had to give his trombone recital early because of his call by the Army Air Corps.⁴ Don Pratt '47, Gordon Barnett and Sherwood Stratton '43 left to fly for the Navy; Lee

Summers '44, being a Canadian left for the RCAF. The Navy's V-12 program claimed Al Smith, Dave Paine, George Wells, Merlin Miller '46, and Frank Houser. Uncle Sam's long arm reached into the faculty and took Bob Homan, instructor in brass, and Prof. J. Whitney Shea, chairman of the department of Economics and Sociology.⁷ Dr. Bob Luckey, the newly appointed instructor of mathematics, took over Prof. Shea's responsibilities as faculty director in all matters concerning the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps and the Army Air Corps. Representatives from each of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Army Air Force and Naval Air Cadets were "hosted" on the campus to interview prospective candidates. The announcement in the *Star* added: "This meeting takes precedence over all labs and classes."⁷ On that same page of the *Star*, the first Houghton war casualty was announced: John Merton McMahon, a former student.

The December 10, 1942, issue of the *Star* featured three significant articles regarding the war effort. First, a notice of the draft registration beginning on campus for all 18 year-olds.

In accord with the President's proclamation of November 18 (1942), young men who become 18...will register.... Young men may register in Prof. Wright's office in the Luckey Memorial building on Dec. 11 and 18 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.... The new registration will occur simultaneously in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico....⁸

Second, the *Boulder* staff announced

a tentative plan for ...the sale of the 1943 *Boulder* to the servicemen for the sum of two dollars.... If less than (a total of 450 yearbooks) are sold...the serviceman will have to pay the full subscription price of \$2.75.... This is another way (we) can show (our) patriotism (and)...appreciation for the boys who have gone out from Houghton College to serve in the armed forces....

Third, there was the first report of War Stamps and Bonds being sold.

\$240 was invested in War Stamps and Bonds by Houghton College Faculty and Student Body.... Eighty dollars...were accounted for in the sale of stamps, the remainder in bonds....(with only) 28 participants.... This small percentage reveals that too few are participating. Let's have 100 percent participation next week.... The Social Science Club announces that Stamps will be on sale every morning from 10:30 to 10:45.

Letters from our "GI's" were regularly printed in the July '43 to January '44 *Stars*. One of the earliest letters was from Frank Houser, writing as an Apprentice Seaman, sounded like he was having a mini-Pantry-patron reunion:

My first taste of regimentation reminds me of my first olive. I do hope my assimilation of Navy life will be analogous to the second and third olives.... I was writing this letter in Dave Paine's room when who should come in to visit us but Mark Armstrong ['42], Gerry Mc Kinley ['41] and Jack Haynes. Ensign Armstrong—in profoundest sympathy for the woes of Apprentice Seamen—brought us a beautiful sprig of gladiola with several 'blooms and buds' surrounding it....⁹

On that same page of the *Star*, Don Kouwe wrote:

I'm working as a weather observer and I must say it isn't such a bad racket.... One thing I like is no K.P., guard duty or drill. The most we have is a half hour of physical training four mornings a week.... I took ten weeks training at Grand Rapids, Mich. and that sure was great. I attended Rev. Malcolm Cronk's church while I was there. Also one of the main events of my stay was to have Doc. Paine and the quartet there for three days. It was really a touch of Houghton and I must confess it made me a little homesick to be back again. The Lord sure was good in providing Christian fellowship there even among the soldiers....¹⁰

First Lt. Mike Holloway wrote from Europe: "Nuthin' ever happens to me. Just an ordinary G.I. doing his share of dodging 88's and ducking eggs from Adolph's dive bombers."¹¹

Jim Fenton wrote from Parris Island telling of certain Marine exercises:

These exercises seem to locate muscles an individual never dreamed he possessed. These muscles don't find much time to recuperate after a day's work either—and awakening blast on a shrill whistle begins a new day in the night at 3:45.... The Lord is gracious in answering my prayers and some of the men I've been 'bunking' with are becoming quite curious about my happiness in the will of God....¹²

Warren Woolsey wrote:

The PT is pretty rough—intensive calisthenics, obstacle courses, rope climbing and all that sort of thing, but I guess you can get used to anything if you have to.... Possibly you know that I was originally classified as a pilot, but soon after, I applied for a transfer to bombardier training. There are several reasons—shorter course, better chance of getting through with a commission, and so on. The more I see the more I am convinced that my choice was a wise one....¹³

Letters from the "front" were great, but even better were the visits from the ex-students now in uniform. The *Star* told of one such visit:

Lt. Richard Bennett who is stationed with the Army Air Corps in Washington, paid the college (and Ruth [Brooks]) a surprise visit last weekend. Not only did his gold bar add to the campus glamour but his thrilling interpretation of "The Holy City", "Perfect Day", "Just a Wearyin' for You" and "The Army Air Corps Song" on Friday p.m. added to our appreciation of him. He's the same old Dick and always welcome.¹⁴

The Barnett family also lent its share of personnel to the war effort. In the summer of '41, Dad went to work at the Buffalo Curtis Wright plant, building P-40s and air transports. He came home weekends to help Mother in the management of the Pantry. Glenn joined Dad at Curtis Wright in August, sharing accommodations with him in a rooming house. In 1942, Glenn enlisted in the Army Signal Corps and was called to active duty in July 1943. Gordon left in January 1943 for a career in the Navy, initially flying Avenger torpedo bombers off of carriers. Lucille, after graduating from high school in 1943, went into training as a cadet nurse.

Gordon made the ice cream until he left, then I became the chief ice cream maker, soda jerk and dish washer—and, believe me: a major part of working in the Pantry was washing dishes! Eventually disposable paper products reduced the amount of time and sweat in the dish water.

The "den" of the Pantry was becoming a more useful site, other than an overflow room on date nights. My earliest recollections of using the den was when we brought the radio there to listen to Joe Louis defend his heavyweight boxing title, defeating Billy Conn and, later, Jersey Joe Wolcott. Herb Dongell '46, while rooming at our house, went early each morning to the den to pray aloud rather than disturb the other roomers with his audible praying. His presence and prayers hallowed the little room.

Mentioning Herb Dongell brings to mind another anecdote involving him which very few know about. He was a Greek and Bible major at Houghton in preparation for a career in teaching Greek at Central Wesleyan College (now Southern Wesleyan University). A more devoted Christian you'll never find. But Herb's original great love and talent was baseball—that is, until the Lord called him into His service. He had been invited to be a part of the farm team of one of the Major League ball teams, but he turned down the invitation and chose to go to Houghton instead to study for ministry. All four years in Houghton, Herb was devoted to his studies and to prayer. He was my prayer partner and discipler in seeking to be filled with the Holy Spirit. (He used the Wesleyan term, "entire sanctification".) I don't remember Herb ever touching a bat or even attending a baseball game in his years at Houghton. He had "burned every bridge behind him."

However, one warm day just prior to his graduation in '46, he saw a group of students batting flies from in front of Bedford Gym to the fielders on the grassy area south of the Luckey Memorial (the former football field prior to the Luckey building). Herb sauntered over and asked if he could bat a few flies. Surprised, the batter turned the bat and ball over to him. The guys in the field moved in expecting, at best, a few pop flies. Herb's first swing put the ball far over their heads—like Robert Redford's incredible hit in, *The Natural*! The

fielders had to back across Willard Avenue and onto the lawn of the Pantry. Some of his flies landed on the Pantry roof. They had never seen such batting—and that by one they thought could only study and pray! Herb's prayers in the Pantry den also far surpassed what was expected.

With the departure of many of our men into the uniformed services, the den became a haunt for farewell parties. Ed Mehne and Ken Kouwe were bid a tearful farewell there. Gerry Schuster and Ollie Karker recounted being at their parting. Undoubtedly, there were others. Ollie Karker also relates another time when the den was used for a party that he sponsored.

....I remember the great times we enjoyed in the Pantry—a very congenial place run by a very nice family, the Barnetts, who understood young college students. The food was good and so was the service....

I recall that my dad shot a deer up on the (college) farm during season. He offered me a sizeable chunk to share with friends. I talked with Mom Barnett about getting a group of students together to eat some. The result was that she helped us cook and get a tasty meal for twelve in the privacy of the back room (den).¹³

Another "den" party was in honor of the newest bride and groom on campus: Jack and Ruth Derr '45 with Hazen Britten '46 as the MC. The affair featured

a debate held on the topic: "Resolved: that the next new building on Houghton campus be a skyscraper." The affirmative was upheld by Jack Derr and Jane Adams [46]. The negative was set forth by Ruth Derr and Bill Smalley [45]. The affirmative proved the stronger in its approach to the subject and was awarded the victory in spite of the fact that the strong negative rebuttal repudiated all of its points.¹⁶

Do you suppose that that debate influenced the building of the six-storied Creekside (now Lambein) ladies dormitory in 1970?

A new employee joined the work force: Martha Helen "Martie" Ayres". Her husband was Dr. John Ayres, from Greenville College in Illinois, filling in for Dr. Crystal Rork who was on a year leave of absence. John and Martha Ayres were old friends of my parents and older brothers since John had been on the faculty at Miltonvale College in Kansas. Two other part-time Pantry workers were Evelyn Reynolds '45 (McKnight) and Les Beach (before he left for the Navy). Evie was a high-scoring basketball star (making 23 points in one game) and Les was the coach of her Sophomore team. Both Les and Evie, who dated for a while, worked, at first, only during the busy date nights—making it easy for them to have a "working" date. Les extended his hours as a soda jerk and short-order clerk by working regular shifts. It was while on his "watch", that the second crisis occurred in the Pantry:

One vivid memory was the morning I was on duty and Dave Cole (emotionally volatile person, you may remember) came in with another friend or two. They were engaging in 'macho talk' in front of the baked goods display case and I was standing behind it, leaning on the ice cream maker, I guess. Suddenly Dave swung around and stuck his foot through the plate glass front of the case. What a shock! And what a job to clean up all that broken glass. And, of course, one of my most woeof feelings was 'what a waste of all those jelly doughnuts and creamsticks!'¹⁷

My poor Mother, without Dad's presence and moral support, nearly went hysterical over this incident! She contacted the authorities and had Cole arrested. Adding to her consternation, some of Dave's buddies—and good customers—then came back to the Pantry and, with Mother within earshot, looked at the broken display case and shook their heads, saying, "Think of it, arresting someone *just for doing this*!" The next day, Cole came back and apologized to Mother, telling her she did the right thing in calling for his arrest. He arranged to pay for the damages. A new glass front was installed on the display case—including a new supply of Keelers' pastries.

Besides the malfeasance of some of the patrons, Mother had to deal with the derelictions from her own sons. Gordon often was a rascal. Because of his pranks, none of our roomers stayed at our house more than one year! After he left for the Navy, our student roomers tended to stay longer, even until graduation! Gordon now claims responsibility for all the gray hairs on Mother's head. But that's not true. I put in my share of them there, too. Bob owns up to one of his scrapes with Mother in which he learned that Mother was the matriarch of the family:

In 1943-1944, I walked into the Pantry about 5:00. Mother had been working that afternoon and she had the whole counter lined with dirty dishes. She was busily trying to clean up the whole mess. She looked tired and, of course, dinner still had to be made upstairs for the family. She said, "Bobbie, I will give you a nickel if you will help me." I immediately felt like I had a choice. I thought for a few seconds and finally said, "No, I won't." She immediately took off her apron and said, "All right, you will do the dishes all by yourself and there will be no nickel!" For the next half-hour I washed and dried dirty dishes all by myself with no pay. That day I learned a royal lesson.¹⁸

As the many Pantry patrons left for the war, a few left behind some of their effects. I fell heir to some valuable items. Dave Paine had run up a bill in the Pantry that was too steep for him to pay, so, in lieu of his paying this bill, he offered me his new, state-of-the-art tennis racket. Wow! And to think, my mother approved the deal! Now I owned the racket that was the envy of the tennis community! Word got around of my acquisition and several of my older friends asked if they could use my racket when they played their tournament games—and I usually let them borrow it. It quickly fell victim of extreme wear and tear.

My brother, Gordon, was my grandest benefactor. He left me all his clothes and athletic equipment, including a pair of running spikes (the ones he made some records with) and a pair of football shoes with deep rubber cleats (steel cleats, though then used in the NFL, were disallowed at Houghton). Here, again, I was sought after by those wanting to borrow those shoes for major class and Purple-Gold games. One friend who borrowed both the tennis racket and the football shoes before several games was David Flower '47, one of Houghton's greatest athletes. I knew the racket and shoes would give Dave a decided advantage, thus it sometimes pricked my conscience when I loaned them to him because David was Gold and I was Purple! But my admiration for this friend overrode my partisan loyalty.

Undoubtedly, Gordon's most magnanimous gift to me was a new brown suit he had acquired from Mike Holloway. It was a beaut! Some of Gordon's friends wanted that suit and offered to purchase it from him. But, he told them, "No, it's not for sale. I'm giving it to my brother, Bev." I wore that handsome suit proudly! My brother Glenn, also, left me one of his suits, an older and coarser green suit. Glenn's taste for clothes was quite restricted by his finances as he gave all his paychecks from Curtis Wright to his parents. That green suit never caught the eye of the public—nor of the young ladies!

In February, 1944, Houghton's Publicity Office announced that "the number of Houghtonians in the armed services has passed the three hundred mark" including 14 women. They were divided among the services accordingly: regular Army, 141; Army Air Force, 92; Navy, 41; Marines, 6; Merchant Marine, 1; Canadian, 1. The coeds reigned on campus with a few theologs and others who were too old, too young or were for some other reason deferred or disqualified. In spite of the growing dearth of men on campus, Pantry activities continued to boom. The ladies kept us in business quite well. Jean "Scottie" Scott '45 recounts "one very memorable night":

The first time the Red Cross came for a blood donor drive most girls of the sophomore girls basketball team donated their pints even though they were to meet the seniors on the court that night. We all felt very patriotic and looked forward to the evening game.... A great game. We won! We were exhausted. We changed clothes and staggered over to the Pantry and splurged. We had delicious hamburgers, sodas, ice cream and even a second hamburger. Then we found our way to Gaoyadeo and bed with pleasant dreams of basketball, the war effort, friends and hamburgers....¹⁹

Another coed whose parents knew my parents from college days was Ruth Bird Buckley '46. She narrates her early experiences at Houghton:

My memory of the Pantry is warm but somewhat sad. You see, my first time away from my stable home was usually enjoyable, but when I needed some "mothering", I visited

the Pantry. Your mother, Mrs. Barnett, was just the one I needed!! I spent many mid-mornings there when other students were few.... I can still taste the fresh, gooey cream sticks and phosphates. Um good!"

Lois Hardy '46 (Wilt), a music major from Rushford, NY, tells a similar experience with my parents:

I frequented the Pantry regularly as a student at Houghton.... What a 'haven' it was in the midst of all our studying, practicing, etc.... I was not apt to get up in time for breakfast so almost every morning I made my way over to the Pantry for a hot chocolate (and maybe a doughnut or roll! Yes, I remember Keeler's creamsticks.) I loved sitting at the counter and talking with...Mrs. Barnett. Mrs. Barnett told me...she would see me coming and would say, 'Put the hot water on...here comes Lois.' Your dear parents—what a blessing they were—their love and patience with us 'kids' played a real part in making our time in Houghton enjoyable.

The Pantry, as per usual, contributed to the campus romances even though there were few male suitors. These men had a heyday in picking their dates. Ray Alger '46 writes: "(The Pantry) was a neat place to take a date and I presume I took my share. I did not marry a Houghton grad but I can say I tried hard on a couple whose names I won't disclose." Ray lived in our house and his usual visit to the Pantry was just before closing time. "At that time of night there were very few to talk with and certainly no girls around."²¹

Forrest "Baldy" Gearhart often treated his dates with Edythe Hinckley '42 and Mary Nocera '45 and others in the Pantry. Cliff Little was a "heavy" dater. On date nights, after returning his date to the dorm, he returned to sing with the quartet which at that time included Warren Anderson '46 and "Hi" Hill. Ray Coddington '45 confesses:

My visits to the Pantry...were somewhat infrequent—due in part to my reserved personality found it difficult to get dates and in part to my lack of time for such associations. If you recall, I spent quite a few hours working in the print shop to keep my school expenses in a manageable state (at 25 cents an hour yet!!)

Ray remembers the quartet singing as a means of entertainment during the "rush". "They would sidle up to an unsuspecting couple and embarrass them with, 'Let me call you sweetheart' or some other syrupy ditty."²²

Other men were more successful in finding a date and keeping her for life. Hearing Bing Crosby croon "Moonlight Becomes You", Benny Goodman's "Taking a Chance On Love" and Dick Haymes' "You'll never know just how much I love you..." helped to seal relationships. Lloyd Wilt brought Lois Hardy to the Pantry on their first date; Bert Hall treated Harriet Kalla '43 at the Pantry and she, 55 years later, has been treating him to her scrumptious home cooking.

(Not a bad investment, Bert!) "Hi" Hill courted "Peg" Hamilton (I was especially appreciative of "Peg" Hamilton as she was my piano teacher before she was Mrs. Hill and, after she became Hi's wife and an instructor in the music department, I took a course in Evangelistic Piano from her.)

Perhaps the most ardent lovers were Rees Pritchett '44 and Jane Harrison '46. Their favorite booth was in the front corner by the nickelodeon where they would sit by the hour. Jim Fenton's first date with Audrey Eckler '46 was at the Pantry. Phil Chase '44 often brought Marion "Scuffy" Schoff '43 to the Pantry. Listen to him tell of those days:

Those days Marion and I were so intent on each other that it seemed we were in a different world.... When we went to the Pantry our standard fare was two hamburgers (one each) and a quart of milk. I don't recall any deviation—except for a rare treat—a creamstick. It was a good time for us—surrounded by people we knew but in our own little world."

Scuffy closed their letter by adding that the Pantry "to us was a very romantic place."²³

Then there were the persistent bachelors and the dogged gals who were out to get their man! Sadie Hawkins Day, an Al Capp creation in his cartoon strip, "Li'l Abner", was the lifesaver for those luckless lasses. Apparently, the rules had been too much in favor of the steady dates, so in the spring of '43, the student committee on arrangements for Sadie Hawkins Day, led by Gerry Schuster and assisted by Frank Houser, publicized: "special rules will be enforced this year."

First of all, all steady couples must break up for the day. Secondly, no dates may be obtained for that day—that means all dates gotten before that day are invalid. Thirdly, everyone is to dress Dog-patch style. Finally, as usual on such occasions, the natural mode of etiquette is to be reversed. ...The big innovation this year will be the fact that girls cannot get dates before 9:00 a.m. on Sadie Hawkins Day. At that time, however, every house where male roomers stay will probably be surrounded by anxious feds seeking for their man. The first girl that grabs you, has you for the day, fellows.²⁴

Those rules were fine in 1943, but by the following spring, an emergency set of rules were forthcoming from the Student Council. They called it the "Harem Version":

...whereby one, two, or three girls may invite and escort the same fellow. After a consideration of the relative male and female members in the student body this year, reasons for the Harem Version are obvious. A maximum of three girls to any one fellow is a precautionary measure to provide for an equitable distribution of the "Sadies" among the "Li'l Abners". The girls who escort a fellow are advised to determine beforehand how

they will apportion their responsibilities among themselves. It will, of course, be up to the fellow to refuse or accept invitations at his own discretion and to acquaint his "dates" with the names of their fellow escorts as a matter of courtesy.... Permission is granted for all girls taking part in the day's activities to be out of their dormitories until 11:00 p.m. because of their responsibilities to escort their dates home.... Usual relationships between fellows and girls in such matters as preference, opening doors, entering buildings... carrying books...and paying for treats are to be exchanged all day....

Sadie Hawkins Days were hey-days for the Pantry 'cause every "Sadie" felt bound to treat her "Li'l Abner", and most of them dragged their men into the Pantry. My first year to be chased, caught and "enslaved" was in 1944 under the Harlem Version rules. I was caught by two classmate lovelies from the high school: Rosalie Grenier '44 (Grow) and Geraldine Hughes. Both of them took me to the College Inn for my treat, since the Pantry was too familiar a place for me.

The old fountain in the Pantry became more and more of a problem. I presume it was "commissioned" during the first World War. We had to keep calling in the refrigerator repairmen to keep nursing the compressor along. The brine that was used as a coolant kept leaking into the chambers where the cans of ice cream were kept. We called it "Old Leakey". But there was a war on; fountains were not being manufactured and used ones were not available. It looked like we were stuck with the old dinosaur. With my older brothers gone, Mother and I had to manage the place. I feared the fountain would not last another year. So what did I do? I prayed....and prayed....and prayed. Every morning through most of the summer I arose at about 5:30 (much earlier than I usually arose) and went down into the Pantry, knelt at one of the chairs where I could keep an eye on "Old Leakey", and prayed for a good hour that God would give us a new fountain. I knew that my prayer was an incredible request, but I prayed to an incredible God with whom "nothing shall be impossible."

Later in the summer, in returning from Buffalo one Friday afternoon, Dad drove by the restaurant supply house where we had done a great deal of business. There, in the show window was a brand new Bastian & Blessing fountain. Dad stopped and inquired about the beauty, only to be told that it was sold. Another business man had made a down payment on it; it was to be installed in a new ice cream parlor he was building. Dad was told there was no chance of another fountain coming in because the plant that made it now made war materials. So Dad left and told us the good news-bad news of the day. I kept my morning prayer vigil.

A week or two later, Dad stopped and inquired again regarding the new fountain. He was told that the business man who had purchased the fountain, had to back out of the deal for some reason, so the fountain could now be ours, if we still wanted it. Dad lost no time making the purchase arrangements. One problem: how was he to pay for it? It cost about \$2500. That was

what a new Buick would cost—and Dad could only afford a used 1940 Oldsmobile! Somehow, Dad got a loan to purchase the fountain and it was installed in the Pantry before the 1944-1945 school year began. It was a dream come true for me. Actually, it was a long prayer answered.

A remarkable indicator of God's hand in the purchase of this fountain was its color configuration. The decor of the Pantry was three parallel red stripes around the light cream-colored celotex walls. The decor of the new fountain was almost identical: three red stripes across a light beige front. Not only was an "impossible" fountain in place, but it was perfectly color-co-ordinated! Things looked brighter for that next school year!

A new lingo got started in the fall of '43. Bob Dingman met his buddy, Les Beach, who was escorting one of his girlfriends, and in a teasing way Bob called Les a "grabber," implying that his girl was a "grab". With that exchange, the die was cast. Any girlfriend was a "grab", a boyfriend, a "grabber", and the act of dating or courting was "grabbing". The localism spread and remained an inordinate length of time—for several years in fact. I must hasten to explain for the contemporary readers that the words: grab, grabber and grabbing, did not connote sexual assault or misconduct. While there may have been some erotic conduct at times, that was not the generic meaning of the words at Houghton at that time. They did not infer "groping" as is wantonly used—and done—today.

The war years were tragic years. The sad news of casualties quickly spread across the campus. A spirit of melancholy pervaded the Pantry, particularly when word of another and then another friend—and patron—would not be coming back. First there was Carl Wagner, then Warren "Little Joe" Dayton, followed by Henry Samuels, and then Richard Bennett.... The *Star* read:

Lt. Richard D. Bennett, ex '45, Killed in England on July 26.... Dick enlisted in the Air Force in June, 1942. He...became a flight leader, flying a B-17. With his original B-17 crew he had completed more than 30 missions. At the time of his death, Dick was the holder of the distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with several bronze oak leaf clusters, and the Purple Heart... Lt. Bennett was engaged to Ruth Brooks....²⁷

Ruth was shattered to learn that her darling, Dick, "went down in flame". Esther Pritchard, who roomed at our house, was also heartbroken to learn that her fiancé, Merrill McKinley, suffered a similar death. Of the 360 Houghton alumni who served in WW II, a total of ten were killed in action²⁸. Dinah Shore singing, "I'll Walk Alone", expressed the grief of Ruth, Esther and scores of other girlfriends, wives and mothers who suffered so great a loss. The December 1943 *Star*, printed the following poem:

"You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Upon the tragedy of a world at strife
And know that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life:

Rejoice! Whatever anguish rend your heart
That God has given you this priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons, who see the light
High in the heavens, their heritage to take:—
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"¹¹²⁹

The Jackson Years

1944-1946

While Les Brown sang, "Sentimental Journey", the Pantry began a new era with a new management team: the Herbert Jackson family. This switch came as one of God's providential doings. My mother, who was often ailing, had borne the burdens of the Pantry without Dad's direct supervisory help for three years. As the new school year was soon to begin, she did not feel able to carry that burden through another year. She needed a rest and took the matter to the Lord.

The Herbert Jackson family had moved to Houghton—as did the A. J. Shea family over a quarter of a century earlier—to provide an education for their children: Merrill, who was to be a college freshman, and Elizabeth (Betty) who was entering her junior year of high school.

The Rev. Herbert and Lydia Jackson had been missionaries under the Christian and Missionary Alliance in French Indochina, particularly to the tribes people of Vietnam. Because of the war, they were not able to return as missionaries. Merrill recounts that they "settled in Houghton—It was the college where I wanted so much to attend."¹¹ While Rev. Jackson traveled on deputation work for the Alliance, Lydia looked for an income-producing job. My mother and Mrs. Jackson met, "compared notes", struck a deal and the Jacksons became the new managers of the Pantry. Mrs. Jackson managed the Pantry while her husband traveled. Merrill and Betty helped their mother as much as she—and their studies—would allow them. I continued on as part-time help, including the making of the ice cream. I didn't realize that I was so much a mentor as Merrill states: "All we knew we learned from you and your family! How well I remember your serving the people! You were a champion! I watched what you did carefully to learn."¹²

Besides her two children and myself, Mrs. Jackson hired a few other students to help "run" the Pantry. It was natural for her to choose some of her student friends from the Alliance: Lelia Koenigswald '48 (Lewis), Beulah Smalley '48 (Johnston), Ethel Anderson '48 (Robbins), and her sister, Alda Anderson '48 (Fletcher). These all referred to Mrs. Jackson as "Auntie Jackson", and Mr. Jackson as "Uncle Jack." Beulah, Ethel and Alda only served as occasional waitresses. They roomed above Worth Cott's store and the Post Office "downtown." However, it was Beulah's roommate, Gloria Wentzel '48 (Porter) who was Mrs. Jackson's mainstay in the Pantry. Gloria, Beulah, Ethel and Alda formed a quartet and sang in several of the small churches around Houghton.

Gloria was athletic: playing class and varsity field hockey and earning a high-scoring reputation on the basketball court. During her first year, after scoring thirty points in a game, she was called "Thirty Point Wentzel!"¹³ The next year, she one-upped herself by making thirty-one points in a game! On the same page of the Star showing Gloria's 30 points, another article was headlined:

"High School Wins Most Thrilling Game of Year by One Point, Defeats Upperclassmen." The final score was 23-22, and I was the high scorer for the high school with all of eight points! (Cliff Little was high scorer for the game with 10 points!) Due to the war effort demanding a high proportion of our finest male collegians, the High School took the basketball interclass championship in '44-'45. I still have the miniature golden basketball trophy that I proudly wore on a key chain that was vogue in those days.

Being from Brocton, Massachusetts, Gloria talked like a Bostonian. She reflects: "My New England accent was a source of many a comment; 40 ('fohty') cents had to be repeated many a time. Any word with 'r' in it caused me grief...." (Gloria writes that she is still employed behind a soda fountain, "In Mom's Sweet Shop making milkshakes, sundaes, cones and soft drinks...."¹⁴). Some further reminiscences by Gloria:

The Pantry was a great place to meet people and to get to know them under casual circumstances. Somehow 'food' and a good listener would get people to unload some of their problems. "Auntie Jackson" was a dear to work for and it was just a continuance of her missionary work to deal with her "children"¹⁵.

One additional person under Mrs. Jackson's employ was my brother, Dean, age 10 at that time. He swatted flies and was paid a penny for each one he killed. Later, he was broken in on the popcorn machine so that he could move from service to sales.

In the fall of 1944, the war was far from over, however the Americans were advancing on both fronts: in Europe, the allies were approaching Belgium

and the Siegfried Line; in the Pacific, our troops were beginning their invasion of the southern Philippine Islands. Casualties were still being reported. Sometimes a casualty turned out to be providential. Richard Beach, my future brother-in-law, picked up seven pieces of shrapnel while fighting with the 79th "Cross of Lorraine" Infantry Division, 315th Regiment 7th Army in France. He was taken by train to the 48th General Hospital in France for treatment. While under treatment in that hospital, his Division was thrown into the "Battle of the Bulge" and although they "stopped the Germans cold"¹⁶ they were nearly wiped out to a man. Dick, of course, was spared this slaughter. After "The Bulge" he returned to his unit but didn't recognize any of his former comrades. Because he received the Purple Heart, he was awarded additional points that brought him home to his family and to his fiancée, my sister, Lucille, a bit earlier than many of the troops.

Leon Gibson '47 was another similar casualty: wounded in France with the 57th Division of the First Army, he came home to his fiancée, Ruth Ortlip '44.

The nickelodeon blared out some anti-Japanese tunes, such as: "O we're goin' to have to slap those dirty little Japs, And Uncle Sam's the guy who can do it...." and "You're a Sap Mr. Jap" as well as another battle-oriented tune: "Comin' In On a Wing and a Prayer."

Another tune went: "Any bonds today? Bonds of freedom far outselling any bonds today...." A war-fever phenomenon common at that time was the government's push for people to invest in war bonds that were meant to help curb inflation by "sopping up excess purchasing power."¹⁷ The Rev. Jackson, when he was home, was the life of the Pantry—and of the campus! His personality was such that he could be a hilarious clown. One night between the earlier "black stocking" basketball game and the men's match, Rev. Jackson did a stand-up comedian routine while selling war bonds from the floor of the basketball court. He had a packed audience three-deep in the surrounding balcony. That was one of the more successful war bond drives held on campus.

Lelia Koenigswald writes of a "War Bond Auction" to be held on May 16, 1945,—track and field day:

Are you interested in occupying Doc. Paine's office for part of a day? Would you like to be Dean of women for a day? How would you like to have Dr. R. R. Luckey as your valet for the day?... Oh, yes—the opportunity to give a soph "phi-bate" a Soph. Lit. Test? (The humdinger of a test will be ready for you.)And...there will be a War Bond Queen. A date with her for the War Bond Program will be auctioned off. First we have to pick the queen. Anyone purchasing ten dollars worth of the stamps will be allowed to vote.... Say! Jeepers! Guess what? At the auction will be an honest-to-goodness jeep. This is official. If you want a ride, buy a bond.... P.S. Don't forget to write home to your folks for extra money....¹⁸

Another phenomenon of that war-ravaged time were the "quickie" marriages. Ambrose, in his chapter, "The War On the Home Front," tells us:

"There were a million more marriages during the war than would have been expected at prewar rates. Teenagers got married because, in the moral atmosphere of the day, if they wanted to have a sexual experience before one of them went off to war, they had to stand in front of a preacher first. Many worried that such hasty marriages, followed by long separations, would never work, but most of them did."⁸

One of those "quickie" marriages was between my brother Gordon and Phyllis Whitney '47. Gordon came home on a 30-day leave after completing his flying training and commissioning as a Navy ensign. He brought with him five different Navy uniforms: blacks, whites, greens, grays and khakis. These he wore—all five of them—on alternating days. His shiny gold wings he had artificially dulled (making them look older). Not having any home or Pantry responsibilities, he had plenty of free time to date the fairer sex. On the second week of his leave, he dated Phyllis Whitney, a beautiful co-ed from Michigan (to whom, incidentally, I also was strongly attracted, but I never had a chance when up against Gordon!). Their courtship quickly became mutually serious. They took a train to Jackson, Michigan, so that Gordon could meet Phyllis' parents. Somewhere between Houghton and Jackson, they "stood before a preacher"—or perhaps it was a Justice of the Peace. Their marriage was kept a secret on campus for a few weeks. After Phyllis awkwardly turned down a few guys who asked her for dates, she leaked the truth. Dean Elizabeth Beck, a long-time friend of Phyllis, had no other recourse but to expel her from the college as she was in violation of a school rule against secret marriages. Phyllis then went to live with Gordon at his assignment at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Theirs was another "quickie marriage" that lasted for many years.

Mrs. Jackson met with a serious misfortune a few months after taking charge of the Pantry. In mid-October, 1944, while locking the rear door of the Pantry for the night, she slipped and fell from the steps with her ankle twisted under her. I heard her screaming and ran to see what was the matter; then called Mother who summoned Dr. McMillen. An article in the Star picks up from this point:

Proprietress of Pantry Breaks Four Ankle Bones

....The ankle was badly swollen, and although unable to ascertain exactly the extent of the break, Dr. McMillen set the bones accurately, as was revealed by an x-ray, taken the next day at Warsaw Hospital....

Merrill, Mrs. Jackson's son, has been in charge of the Pantry employees who are working overtime. Rev. Mr. Jackson returned Tuesday night from missionary deputation work in New England.¹⁰

Mrs. Jackson had to wear a large cast—from knee to ankle—and to use crutches. Merrill remembers the time vividly when he and Betty helped their mother:

We pulled her up the hill each morning on a sled—from the main road where we lived. She was thus a familiar scene of the campus: everybody recognized her. She could stand okay, leaning occasionally against something. She stayed behind the counter (of the grill) all day frying hamburgers, hotdogs, etc., preparing food, while others took care of the soda fountain. She did everything necessary and important, like put in the orders for the salesmen, etc. She was a different "fixture" of the Pantry that year.¹¹

Eventually, the quadruple break healed; Mrs. Jackson was able to walk without her crutch and things normalized in the Pantry. After the first year, the Jacksons asked if they could manage the Pantry for a second year, however, they insisted that they pay my parents double what they had been paying the first year since it was such a profitable business.

Mrs. Jackson creatively introduced some new Pantry specials: hot beef and turkey dinner entrees with potatoes and gravy, chicken salad sandwiches, "just-like-home" shortcake with whipped cream, Black Cow sodas, and several fresh fruit—strawberry, raspberry, blueberry (when in season)—sundaes, sodas, and milk shakes.

One of the Pantry patrons was a "whopper" in himself. His name was "JW". I never knew his last name, even though he was renting a private room in our house. JW had an enormous girth: a 54 inch waistline and was well over six feet tall. His weight was estimated to be in the neighborhood of 500 pounds. He loved to play and sing on our piano. Sometimes I would try to find enough room on the piano bench to perch beside him as he played and sang his favorite hymn, "I'll Fly Away." Obviously, JW could never get enough to eat in the dining hall and, following the meal up with a couple of hamburgers in the Pantry, didn't nearly satisfy his gargantuan appetite. Sometimes he would go to the store "down town" and purchase a few pounds of meat which Mother would let him fry in our upstairs kitchen. One day when he was preparing his more ample repast in our kitchen, I was leading the devotions in the dining room for my younger brothers, using a devotional booklet. The passage of the day which I read aloud was from 1 Corinthians 6:13: "Meats for the belly and the belly for meats: but God shall destroy both it and them." We all saw the congruity of the "meats for the belly" and the meats frying in the kitchen—for an enormous belly—and laughed until we cried! JW, who had heard us read the passage and then laugh, came into the dining room, laughingly saying, "I heard that!" But he was obviously embarrassed. Soon after that, JW disappeared. He packed up and slipped away without notice or a "good by"; neither paying Mother for his

room nor the school for his educational expenses. Like his favorite tune, he just "flew away".

During Mother's two-year break from the demands of the Pantry, she did something she felt compelled to do. She remembered her days as a student in Houghton and how she had longed for southern camaraderie and certain beloved menus that were a part of her life in the South. She became fast friends with several students from below the Mason-Dixon Line: Exum Clement '46 from Maryland, Annette Acree '46 from Georgia and Evelyn Good '46 (Butts) from South Carolina and a few others. Mother invited these southern belles into our home for a specially prepared meal of black-eyed peas and okra, candied yams and several other quaint dishes. All the while, Mother would be able to brush-up on her lovely southern accent which she studiously kept "under wraps" when conversing with the northern hoi polloi. This bit of old southern "Confederacy" was so delightful that it became a repeat performance. On those days when the South reigned in the Barnett house, we kids were instructed to eat in the Pantry.

As the '44-'45 school year was about to start, I was enjoying a Boston Cooler in the College Inn. I occasionally patronized the Inn and usually ordered a cooler, something we didn't have in the Pantry. The bus from Buffalo stopped and let out some students, two of whom were the Hanley twins: Fred and Bob. When they entered the Inn, I was the first person they encountered. They were full of questions about Houghton College, particularly the rules. The way they winced and complained when discussing the rules, I wondered how long they would last at Houghton! I showed them the Kreckman house where they roomed together—for the full four years. They were soon two of the more active students on campus, fun-loving, athletic, popular and integral members of the student body. Although they roomed down the hill, they became regular patrons of the Pantry.

Eddie Howard's singing, "To Each His Own" and Frank Sinatra's "Only Five Minutes More" filled the little tearoom as Lloyd Wilt '46 and Lois Hardy occupied one seat of a booth, Bert Croop '48 sat beside Betty Moot '46, and Danny Heinz '46 with Geraldine Elrod '47. Their tender love expressed then carried them through many years together.

Working in the Pantry with Gloria Wentzel kept us in near proximity. After closing the Pantry, I often walked her down the hill to the Cott building where she roomed. She had told me about her boyfriend, Donald Porter, a Marine stationed overseas, with whom she corresponded. However, their relationship had not gelled to the point that would exclude other fellows from dating her. The fact that she was always busy on date nights kept other men aloof, but it gave me a decided advantage since we worked together. Gloria was a

charming coed. She was highly respected on the campus, not alone because of her achievements in sports but, even more, because of her comely reserve and, to be sure, her attractive Bostonian accent! Also, her Christian testimony impressed me. Yet, I felt at a disadvantage in that I was a senior in high school while she was a college freshman, but she never appeared to be condescending to me. So I boldly asked her for dates—and she always accepted. Of course, we had to leave the concert or lecture early so as to rush over to the Pantry and put on our aprons. Then, we dated at Letchworth Park with my friend Bill De Ruiter '49 and Marjorie Neal '49 (Brown). At the end of our first year together, I took her for a ride in my Dad's car—our last date together. I really never tried to beat her boyfriend's time for I was reasonably sure she wouldn't let me. After all, he was laying his life on the line for her and his country as a Marine and he wasn't around to compete. That summer she wrote that Don had asked her to be exclusively his and that he would be returning soon. She asked that we not date again. I understood and thanked her for honoring me with her presence in our earlier associations. That summer we all celebrated V-J Day which helped to take the edge off my grief. That next year Gloria and I continued working in the Pantry together, and I would sometimes escort her to her quarters after closing the Pantry. We were most cordial to each other but there were no more dates. In the spring of 1946, Don came to visit Gloria and she introduced him to me. Upon meeting him—a tall, dark and handsome man with the bearing of a Marine—I could see very well that he was the better man! I was glad for Gloria. They were wed the following year.

The next year was my freshman year at Houghton College. I didn't date anyone. Gloria, who worked beside me behind the fountain, spoiled me for any girl I came to know. I busied myself not only in the Pantry but with football, basketball, track and tennis. My studies? Unfortunately, I didn't take them as seriously as I did the other interests. I had some great buddies though: Jim White, Lloyd Montzingo and Paul Markell.

Paul was the pastor of a small rural church at Riceville, NY. He had an old '36 Chevy with which he would commute to and from his church each Sunday. I would often accompany him and hear him preach. During the closing weeks of my senior year of high school, I sensed God's calling me to preach the Gospel and I yielded to his call. Paul gave me my first opportunity to preach from a pulpit. In fact, he gave me several opportunities, sometimes without him being present to critique my sermon. Thus, I am most indebted to "Mark ol' man" for his letting me "cut my teeth" as a pulpiteer. But it was on the football field and basketball court that I had my most memorable encounters with Paul, as well as with Jim White and Lloyd Montzingo. We all played varsity football and basketball together and were on the winning freshmen and Purple

basketball teams. It was a grand camaraderie. Girls? We loved them in the abstract but didn't have the time—or was it nerve?—for them in the concrete! As the year wore on into '46; after the football and basketball seasons were over, we began to look to the fairer sex for relationships. One of my classmates that attracted me was a brunette from Michigan: Margie Lou Miller '49. She was popular both with her professors (a good scholar) and with the students in general. There were several reasons why I didn't make a play for Margie. First, I was "stuck" in the Pantry on date nights. Secondly, she seemed to always be dating other guys and I didn't like the idea of waiting my turn for her. Thirdly, she started going steady with Dave Blowers '53 for several weeks and I didn't relish getting into a tug-of-war with another guy over her. After all, she was almost a stranger to me. Lastly, I was just plain scared! ...Afraid she would not be interested. So, I went on my merry way alone....until Sadie Hawkins Day!

Betty Tutton '47 was the Student Council member who chaired the committee on arrangements for Sadie Hawkins Day that year. The "Harem Version" of 1944 was no longer to be allowed. One firm rule was that no "Sadie" could chase a fellow whom she had dated that year.

However, on that fateful day, there were three "Sadies" on my tail, none of which I had ever dated. I could only be caught by one—but which one? I had no problem deciding that question: Margie Miller was one of the three (I was one of the few fellows she was allowed to chase as she had dated so many other guys that year!). But how was I going to let her catch me without the other two claiming me also? As I ran I pondered that question. I ran into old Bedford Gym, up the steps to the balcony, and around the track. They had me cornered there as two came around one side and the other came around the opposite side and started to close in on me. However, I had planned and practiced a tactic ahead of time. I climbed over the rail and onto the basket and from there dropped to the floor, leaving my "opponents" in the balcony. That worked—for a while. But the chase continued. Eventually, the "other two" began to flag, but Margie—the more persistent one—finally made it easy for me to slow sufficiently for her to claim me as her date the next day. That was the first date of a half century of "dating" Margie Miller.

Betty Tutton, who led the planning for that fateful day for Margie and me, and possibly for others, too, was a frequent Pantry patron. She was often one of the "Gao Girls" who would come to the Pantry at night with orders from the many girls in that dorm. About nine o'clock practically every week night, other than date night, several of the coeds from the various houses and dorms would come with orders to be filled. But Betty was often there on her own. Looking back on those days, Betty claims that the Pantry played a major role in her maturing. I close this chapter with excerpts from a letter by Betty in which

she explains how it came about.

The Pantry is part of my fond memories of Houghton....In the eyes of some it was unfortunate that I spent so much time there, for I did not do well academically during those years that I spent so much time in The Pantry. When I was supposed to eat breakfast in the dining hall I was sleeping in, then dashing off to the Pantry for breakfast (spending my dad's money!) And I was there often when I should have been studying.

But I have often said that had I not attended to my social and emotional needs in those days—away from the restraints of home—I might not even have made it as a human being! As a highly conversational being I was settling out a lot of things in those days, and the Pantry was a perfect locale for all that, in addition to the dorm rooms and the walks under the lovely trees on the campus and that brook that flowed behind Gaoyadeo. I am afraid that we lose sight of the needs of young beings to mature in their own way.

I had come from a city high school that, as I look back, was in many ways as worldly a place as the high schools of today, although without the drugs of today. But as a Christian I was starved for the whole social milieu that I wanted and needed to mature. And so the Pantry was a crucial means of meeting those needs for me. The Houghton College environment was safe, and the Pantry offered an easier place to explore philosophical issues that I needed to sort out.

Ministries are interesting to think about, and they occur in some pretty unexpected places and circumstances. But I can say with confidence that the ministry of the Barnetts and the Jacksons in The Pantry was significant in my life. I went from a Christian home and church to Houghton with a two-fold purpose: to get a college education among God-fearing people..., and to find Christ as my personal Savior. During those years at Houghton I met both of these goals. And I am so thankful for it!¹²

The "music box" sounded out Ted Weems' "Heartaches" and "Peg O'My Heart", with the Harmonaires, as the Jacksons came to the end of their tenure as proprietors of the Pantry.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass".¹³

The Post-War Years 1946-1949

In the fall of 1946, a whole new atmosphere pervaded the Houghton campus. The agonizing war years—years that took so dire a toll—were over. A new day emerged bringing with it an intoxicating freedom. The campus was astir with excitement as the returning veterans picked up where their lives left off a few years before. Some proudly wore their "ruptured duck", emblem of their honorable discharge. These gallant soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines had shed their warrior attire, dusted off their civies and found they didn't fit like they used to! They had added more than years and substance to their lives; their faces bore the lines of maturity. They were more worldly-wise and more focused in their pursuit of an education. Most of them were there thanks to the 1944 GI Bill of Rights.

As the campus, so did the Pantry come alive. The nickelodeon heralded the new day. Kay Keyser's "Bluebirds" were again flying "over the white cliffs of Dover..." for that "tomorrow" had arrived. Eddie Howard sang "To Each His Own" and Ted Weems' "Heartaches" brought us all back to the realities of life. A record, 720 students now on campus¹, resulted in an enlarged patronage. The Barnett family was now back in charge with several other family members making up part of the crew: Glenn, then home from the war; Bob and David had grown to do more than wash dishes, and Dean was now "Mr. Popcorn." Dad, with the sobriquet, "Chief", no longer did secular labor but was appointed as the interim pastor at a United Methodist Church at Friendship, NY, where he commuted on Sundays plus one or two days a week. This gave him more time to help Mother with the Pantry management. I worked halftime. Mother had asked me to drop out of college for a year so as to work full time as Pantry manager. I strongly objected but promised to work halftime instead. In order to do justice to my studies, I had to drop out of the team sports.

In addition, there were a few part-time employees. Paul Markell,

Oliver "Ollie" Dongell, Virgil Hale and Helen Birchall all took their places behind the fountain and grill in one or more of the years. On "rush" nights, when we needed extra hands, Margie Miller was regularly my date and, no doubt, the most efficient waitress that ever graced the Pantry. Les Beach writes of the "efficiency and energy with which Margie flew around the place when it was busy. She did indeed keep the place well ordered and productive"². Dad also fell in love with Margie and spoke of her resourcefulness and sacrificial spirit: willing to work—and work hard—when other girls were enjoying their boyfriends at leisure. We had a great crew.

There were a few other changes in Houghton's eateries. The College Inn had changed hands a few years back: the Howard Eylers sold out to the Stratton family in the old Waldorf house. Mr. Gene Brentlinger had remodeled the old Fulton duplex across the street from the former church-turned-recreation-hall, becoming the Twin Spruce Inn. The TSI served meals as well as short-orders and ice cream. With this new eatery came a controversy that has puzzled me for years. The nickelodeon in the Pantry was well-accepted and, for some, a beloved, tradition. It added a delightful, wholesome and even a romantic ambience that gave the Pantry an uniqueness—that is, until the Twin Spruce Inn installed a "juke box". A *Star* article, captioned, "**Juke Box Entails Controversy**" reads in part:

Among other innovations in Houghton this year is a jukebox in Twin Spruce Inn. Ever since the beginning of the year, this jukebox has been the object of much discussion, pro and con. Therefore, the question of the week is, "Is a juke box out of place in Houghton College?" The students of Houghton College speak:

"If the management of the Twin Spruce Inn had the privilege of choosing their own music and did so with discretion, I'd be in favor of it. But if they had to accept what is handed to them, I do not like it." —Bob Dingman.

"I think it lowers the testimony standards of Houghton College." —Jack Harris.

"Too much noise and confusion. It's not a matter of principle, but of good taste." —Izzie Dayton.

"A visitor in Houghton said that the students should get together and drive it out of town. I'd like some good classical music there. Music's nice if you have the right kind." —Bert Fedor.

"I don't like juke boxes—period! I do not believe that Houghton is the place for one." —Bob England.

"I like a juke box in Houghton if it is used rightly. After all, there is a lighter side as well as a serious side to life." —Barbara Douglas.³

Perhaps, what makes it controversial, is the word "juke box", as distinguished from "nickelodeon". "Juke box" conjures up junk music, much of which would be inimical to Houghton standards, whereas "nickelodeon" brings to mind pop music that is more acceptable to Christians in general and, expressly, to Houghtonians. The Pantry management always had a say—and a

veto—as to the platters that were installed in the nickelodeon each month. This may not have been the case for juke boxes.

On October of '48, a fire gutted the Twin Spruce Inn. I'm quite sure it wasn't caused by divine wrath over the jukebox! The fire razed the rooms of five of the students staying there: William Bosch '51 (who reported the fire), Robert Jones '53, Clarence Whetstone '52, Floyd Rudd '52 and Edwin Presley '52. These roomers were temporarily housed in the Rec. Hall and other campus residences a few weeks until the Inn was repaired.⁴

Early in 1949, the College rented the twin Spruce Inn and secured Jim Hurd as the manager.⁵ One of the reasons given for this transaction is that it gave the College control over its management insuring that it maintained Houghton's standards.⁶

Other historic changes were made to the Houghton community. To house the burgeoning student body, "Stag Hall" Barracks was built across the creek as a temporary men's dormitory and Dow Hall on the campgrounds was remodeled to be a ladies' dormitory. On the site of the present Houghton Academy, a much larger complex, called "Vetville", was fabricated. Comprised of former barracks given to the college, it was remodeled into 38 apartments primarily for the married veterans.⁷ My brother, Glenn, with his bride, Janice (Gracely) '48, made Vetville their first home. My sister, Lucille, who married Richard Beach after he returned from the European theater, also made their home there.

Rev. O. Glenn McKinley, using the GI insurance received for his son, Merrill's, death, built the McKinley house as a residence for men. In the basement was a barber shop (another son, Jerry McKinley '41, was a student-barber) and a hamburger shop, the "Foxhole". This, the fourth eatery in town, serving primarily the vets in that area, was opened and run by Maurice "Bud" Farr '49 in 1946. The next year it was sold to Mike Kay and Claude Williams.⁸

My job still included making the ice cream. Due to some ordinance (I never knew whose it was), up to that time we always made the ice cream when the Pantry was closed to customers. We began to fudge on that supposed ordinance by making and selling our cream before it had hardened. Freshly made ice cream, just after it comes out of the mixer and before putting it in the hardening cabinet, is especially delectable and as satiny as whipped cream. The students loved it. They had a special "word" for it which defies writing or spelling. To say it you must put your teeth together, place your tongue against your incisors, open your lips and breathe in deeply! The resulting windy sound identified this custard-like delicacy! About every two to three weeks, when I made ice cream, it was offered. Although we never advertised it, word quickly got around the campus and students came running for the special treat.

Evelyn Moffett '49 (Hodak), who worked for Mother upstairs, had her mother from Greenville, PA, visit for a couple of weeks. She was an excellent cook and made a never-to-be-forgotten apple dumpling which we offered as a special in the Pantry. It sold "like hotcakes".

A new fad was "born" and spread throughout the campus: "lifting" people. Its "founders and framers" were thought to be Earl Campbell '47 and John Phillips '47. They were first observed practicing this craze at the Pantry and became experts at "lifting". How did you "lift" someone? You stood or walked beside a person (usually a male, but not necessarily) then, using your leg on the same side as the intended victim, you suddenly swing and twist your leg so as to hit his derriere with the side of your foot. After receiving such a blunt "lift", the recipient cries out, "I've been lifted"! Such hymns as "He Lifted Me" and "Love Lifted Me" were studiously bypassed to avoid being sacrilegious. This was another example of Houghton-ese—"that came to pass"!

During my sophomore year, while taking Mrs. S. I. McMillen's History of Missions course, I developed a concern for world missions that has never quit, even to this day. An idea hit me: promote a special "Missions Day" at the Pantry with all the proceeds that day being given to the Foreign Missions Fellowship. Dad and Mother were in favor so I notified the *Star* and an article, **"Pantry Proceeds To Go To Missions"** was given front-page coverage.⁹ When Dad saw the article, he called to my attention that he did not mean "proceeds", i.e., gross income (before costs are deducted), but "profits". He determined that our average profit was about 25 percent. The profit for that day, Missions Day, he gladly turned over to the FMF. It turned out to be a good day for missions. The students and faculty participated wholeheartedly since it was a win-win situation: the customers won, world missions won, and the Pantry management won God's blessing!

Two of the new student veterans patronizing the Pantry were most memorable: Eldred "Pat" Douglas '48 and Elmer Sanville '49. Pat, hailing from Stag Hall, was an older veteran in his mid-fifties and still single (but struggling to correct that status). He was most verbose—"gabby", some would say—regardless of whom he was with. One would think that Pat lived in the Pantry as he was repeatedly there. Yet he, personally, didn't purchase much. Some called him a freeloader, but, if so, I'm sure it wasn't by design. His usual approach was to get in a conversation with another customer who, upon learning that he was nearly broke, would then offer to purchase for him something to eat.

Gordon Tropp '49 writes: "In my recollections of the times I spent in the Pantry, the first thing to come to my mind was the philosophical discussions with Pat Douglas (along with) Burt [Burnett] Thompson ['49], my roommate,

Horace Fischer [49], and others."¹⁰

Pat sometimes questioned our prices, cheap as they were. Our specialty always was the hot fudge sundae for twenty cents. Pat once called to my attention that the ice cream in one sundae would cost only a nickel if put in a cone. He asked, "How can you, in good conscience, sell that little dab of hot fudge for fifteen cents?" I smiled at him and answered, "No problem, Pat: the profit we make pays my school expenses. I don't have the GI Bill like you have!" We stayed good friends. Everybody liked Pat—except, possibly, those coeds whom he hounded for a date!

Phil Birchall '50, who later became the principal of the Houghton Academy, tells a story about Pat Douglas that his wife, Helen, observed when she was working in the Pantry:

On one occasion, during semester finals, the tables were crowded by young men and women 'cramming' for the exams. Pat Douglas stood, stretched, and said, "I thought I had a test this period—Minor prophets, by Doc. Ries—but another student insisted, 'No, that's not until tomorrow.' When Pat was finally convinced by everyone there that the exam for Minor Prophets would indeed begin in fifteen minutes, he declared, "I'm not ready—it's no use, and I'm not even going to take the test!" After much persuasion he reluctantly entered old S-24, dreading the outcome. He passed an essay exam on the book of Hosea, with an "A"! Had he not been enjoying a cup of coffee in the Pantry he might have failed the course."

Elmer Sanville was an impressive student: handsome, rugged and charismatic in personality. He brought a special electricity to the campus. The faculty—particularly Doc. Jo—was enamored with him. Elmer was articulate, a natural leader and loaded with creative innovations. One of his more fertile ideas that caught on was the "Inasmuch Group." The name was taken from Matthew 25:40, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"(KJV). The Inasmuch Group was organized by the Education Department to collect and mail used clothes for needy European families, particularly in Germany and Czechoslovakia.¹¹

Two other unusual students enrolled at Houghton in January, 1948: Haile Mariam Kebede '52 and Habtu Eshete '52, both from Ethiopia. Apparently well financed, they frequented the Pantry often. Lowell Fancher's '51 article in the Star tells how it was that they came to Houghton.

To fulfill the desire of "His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie The First, King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, appointed by God," Robert W. Hambrook, advisor of Education to the Ethiopian Government, agreed to have these students sent to (a) Christian College to train them to be a Christian influence among the leading men of Ethiopia.¹²

Both Haile and Habtu took an active interest in the student activities.

They were very interested in and sometimes confused by some of America's cultural phenomena. I was standing with them at a baseball game when one asked me, "Why did they say that player 'stole' a base?"

Some other memorable customers were the two red haired Smith brothers: Gil and Bill '51. Bill Smith was always very particular about how he wanted his hamburger fried: "Make it reh!" He would emphasize. It was hard to make his burgers rare enough to please him!

Another unusual patron was Betty Mann '51. She came to Houghton as the girlfriend of Wayne Ketch '49. Betty was a most attractive raven-haired coed who wore her lipstick scarlet red. Some guys who envied Wayne for this glamorous gal, referred to her as "hot lips". My brother, David, who was beginning to work in the Pantry, heard them refer to Betty in this way. He thought it was cute and, when waiting on her one day, he called her "Hot Lips"! She hauled off and slapped him!

There were a slew of former students who returned after the war to wend their way to the Pantry: Antonio "Tony" Lasorte, Ray Alger, an Army bandsman, returned to be on the music faculty, Bill Barker, Charlie Giles, Don and Ken Kouwe, Dave Paine, Ken Clark, Jim Fenton, Ray Coddington, Tom Groome, Hersch Ries, George Wells, Les Beach and my brother, Glenn. Some of these men returned with wives: Ray Alger, Dave Paine and Charlie Giles. Most of the remainder returned to find a wife. Some were real romantics. But first, the music....

The Harmonaires were singing, "You Are My Sunshine" and Doris Day, "Love Somebody" and Perry Como, "A—Your Adorable." Bill Barker courted Ruth Donley '46 ("...I confess, the word 'Pantry' does conjure up remembrances of romance. I know when Ruth could spring for the price of two creamsticks and coffee. I loved her and...I still love her without the creamsticks."¹³). Bob "Dinkey" Dingman, after "playing the field", finally found Janice Meade '52. Don Kouwe latched onto Janice's sister, Ruthe Meade '46. Ken Kouwe fell hard for Karla Wilde. Les Beach palled around with Betty Warren '47 (Strong) and Ruth Hoffman '47 (Schneider) (How she could sing, "O Holy Night"! until settling on Jayne Williams '49. Jim Fenton's first date with his beloved Audrey Eckler '46 was in the Pantry. Tom Groome '47 chose Jean Tanner '45 for life. Ken Clark '48 started a life-long relationship with Jane Canfield '48. George Wells came back to marry Doris Driscoll; Hersch Ries to espouse Sammie Samuels '43; Ray Coddington to wed Dorothy Moore '50.

There were, also, a couple of war widows who matriculated at Houghton: Elaine Backlund '49 and Barbara Cotanche '50 (Williams). Elaine, though a lovely coed, didn't go with any fellows. She still grieved the loss of her sweetheart. A music student, she had a vibrant voice. She joined two other

comely belles, Evelyn German '49 (Howland), another music major, and Margie Miller, to form a ladies trio. They were part of a Gospel Team that included Gordon Tropf, with his vibraharp, Edward DeYoung '48, as pianist-organist, and me as song leader, chauffeur and evangelist. We went out to churches two or three weekends a month but, undoubtedly, our most unforgettable service was held in the Atica State Prison. The chaplain told us not to fear since guards in glassed-enclosed cages watched and, if things got out of hand, they could flood the auditorium with tear gas. After giving a brief evangelistic message and, with Ed on the piano and Gordon playing his vibraharp, the trio sang an invitation hymn. The response wasn't what we expected—it was frightening! Men came dashing forward from all over the auditorium. They were seekers, but not many were of the contrite kind; they were seeking to get close to those luscious three gals! The chaplain told us afterwards that the guards nearly pushed the tear gas buttons!

Barbara Cotanche, a very attractive widow, dated more freely. I took her out once myself. Of all her numerous escorts, possibly her most unusual one was Albert Warner. When Albert asked her for a date, he told her he had been turned down by about twenty girls. That evening, Barbara brightened Albert's lonely life. It was evident when he brought her to the Pantry after the concert for a treat.

Another unusual pair that came to the Pantry after a program was Prof. Donald Butterworth and Senorita Alice Pool. Prior to the program, they had dinner together in the college dining hall where a waiter spilled soup on Prof. Butterworth. It was their first date, at least in public, and when the saying went around the campus, "How much is a Pool of Butterworth?," they made it their last date!

Ruth Brooks' grief over Dick Bennett's death, was soon assuaged by Dr. Bob Luckey who wooed her—often in the Pantry. Ruth tells us of Dr. Bob and her:

My husband, Bob, says he remembers going to the Pantry on lots of dates (They definitely weren't all with me). Later on, the first year we were married and we were both teaching, we often had lunch at the Pantry. I remember the first time I was pregnant I had a craving for sweets and all I really wanted for lunch was an ice cream sundae or soda. No wonder I gained a lot of weight!¹⁴

Besides the vets, there was a long queue of romances that budded and bloomed all the way to the altar: Art Ruder '47 and Gertrude Bailey '49 (I was honored to sing at their wedding), Leon Swarthout '47 and Lois Taylor '46, Percy Stratton '44 and Esther Bonesteel '48, Fred Hanley '48 and Constance Varney '48, Jim Harr '48 and Virginia McGarvey '48, Mel Lewellen '48 and Winifred Rhebergen '48, Byron Sheesley '48 and Mary Barth '48, Cliff Redding

'48 and Phyllis Hersey '49, Frank Robbins '49 and Ethel Anderson '48, Truman Ireland '48 and Jane Hogben '48, Jack Harris '48 and Betty Tickner '48, David Kayser '49 and Jane Jewell '49, Gordon Tropf '49 and Millicent Steva '51, Robert Benedict '49 and Beatrice Fletcher '48, Luke Boughter '49 and Ruth Peyton '49, Burnett Thompson '49 and Ramona Elmer '49; Paul Meyerink '52 and Dorothy Dickens '49, Stan McKenzie '49 and Carol Bliss '49, Charles Rupp '49 and Jeannette Balzer '49, George Kay '49 and Miriam Foster '49, Harry Wilcke '49 and Wanda Williams '49, Perry Troutman '49 and Vivian Schreffler '47, Don Roy '49 and Martha Bowers '49, George Kilpatrick '49 and Helen Gleason '47. Most of these couples wended their way to the Pantry en route to the altar.

Then there was Ed Sakowski who ferreted out Gerry Schuster, who, having graduated in '44, returned to work in the Veterans Affairs Office. Gerry had always been a strong Pantry fan and she made one of Ed. Bob Oehrig, '43, returned to marry his beloved Marion Hagan, '48. Because Bob had gotten his bid in first, Marion nicely turned me down for a date once.

Mention should be made of some "fish that got away". Many students left the campus still single. The Pantry's romantic spell didn't impact them sufficiently! God obviously had other mates or lifestyles in mind for them. Some eligible bachelor-heart-throbs left as "free men"! Three of these were Bob Hanley, Dave Flower and Norm Walker. Bob Dingsman says of Walker: "To be with Norm at the Pantry was the dream of most Ho'ton coeds"¹⁵. Dave Flower, after dating Phyllis Voorhees '45, quite seriously, and Nancy Butters '49, not so seriously,¹⁶ went home and "stole" (his word) his father's secretary, Doris Thompson. Each fell in love with the other and they soon wed.

Another Pantry product became a catalyst for romance: the western egg sandwich (when made without chopped onions, a Western became an Eastern). Jeanette Balzer, who married Charlie Rupp, writes,

I have fond memories of the Pantry. I...appreciated going there many times after the concerts. Before Charles came into the picture, I was there often with friends. That's where I was introduced to the "Western", which I think around here is referred to as the Denver omelette. I had one friend who would bring me a Western when I lived at Murphy House, so you know it was a favorite of mine.¹⁷

My brother, Glenn, refers to the Pantry as "the scratch that lit the match"! He knew the Western was bewitching and, with a little ice cream thrown in, romance resulted. Here's his account:

In my junior year in 1946-1947, after my return from the Army, I spotted a young lady from Toledo, OH, by the name of Janice Gracely [48]. One day I missed seeing her in the daily chapel service. She was in the infirmary suffering a bad cold. She did not know me—but I packed a carton of ice cream and signed a Valentine for her, for it was

Valentine's Day. She was surprised, but partook and shared it with her roommate. She wondered—who is that young fellow?

After several weeks she accepted my request for a date. We traveled in April with the College a Capella Choir and were the only serious couple on board.

During the Spring months I treated her occasionally to a carton of ice cream or a Western sandwich from the Pantry. About 10:00 PM, I would stealthily visit her ground-floor window in Greenberg dorm with this refreshment. I would push the treat through the rusted screen and open window onto her study table. These brief visits were unknown to Miss Dorah Burnell, the housemother.

Yes, I am indebted to the Pantry for its part in winning my bride and wife. " 18

I was Glenn's roommate and had to endure his groanings after he would come in after an evening with Janice. I'm not sure if they were groans of agony or ecstasy! They were married on August 22, 1947, in Janice's home church, the Toledo Gospel Tabernacle at Toledo, Ohio. Glenn had asked me to be his best man (a misnomer, to be sure), with my brother, Bob, and Robert "Red" Fraser '51 as ushers. My father solemnized the wedding, assisted by the pastor, Rev. L. H. Ziemer.

As an Air Force Chaplain, I used to tell couples during the wedding rehearsals, don't feel badly if something goes wrong during the ceremony. It's the miscue that makes a wedding memorable. You'll remember and chuckle over it the rest of your lives together. There's nothing more boring than a wedding that goes perfectly as planned! At Glenn and Janice's wedding something went memorably "wrong".

While the nervous groom watched with a proud smile, his bride was escorted down the aisle by her brother, Barry. About eight feet from the two reverends, the bride and Barry stopped and Janice, looking into the eyes of her beloved, sang "Because" in a beautiful contralto. It was a moving experience for all, and my father's eyes filled with tears. After her solo, Janice stepped forward and joined hands with Glenn. Dad began reciting the formal ceremony. He started fine, since it was the traditional marriage ritual, one which Dad, through years of use, knew from memory. But after the first sentence or two, Dad needed to consult the written ritual. With tear-filled eyes, without reading glasses and with only the flickering lights from candles to lighten the yellow-hued pages with its goldprint script, Dad faltered. He couldn't make out the words. After a couple of tries, he surrendered the booklet to Rev. Ziemer standing beside him who then finished the rite. Glenn had won him a bride and life companion. His lures of Pantry ice cream and Western sandwiches had paid off. They moved into Vetville for their last year at Houghton.

Three other sets of classmates who habituated the Pantry, either as patrons or employees, were joined in marriage. Lloyd Montzingo and Eleanor Klekot '48 wanted Margie Miller and me to be part of their wedding and Margie

and I wanted them to be part of ours. Margie and Eleanor had been roommates in college and were from the same church, the Brighton (MI) Wesleyan Methodist Church, where both weddings were to have been solemnized. One of them came up with the bright idea, why not have a double wedding ceremony? And that's what happened. August 27, 1948 was the hottest day of the year and the little Brighton church was filled to capacity without air conditioning. Pastor Ernest Crocker opened the ceremony, with Lloyd's father, a Free Methodist minister, solemnizing the vows for Lloyd and Eleanor, and my father reading the vows for Margie and me. Did anything "go wrong"? There was an incident that caused the ceremony considerable delay. Lloyd had left the Klekot home without his suit coat, so he and his best man, David Blowers, raced back to retrieve it, while the organist prolonged the opening music and the rest of us sweat! A couple of days before the wedding, Lloyd and David had been stopped by a Michigan patrolman for driving *too slowly* while en route to the wedding. Fortunately for them, and for us all, that patrolman wasn't around as they raced for the suit coat, as they would have been stopped again, this time for excessive speed! Finally, with all the necessary accouterments, the wedding proceeded.

The next summer, Paul Markell and Ruth Wilde'49 asked me to be in their wedding in Ruth's home church in Detroit. Of course, Margie, my bride, and I drove out. Their wedding went off without a hitch (other than Paul getting "hitched"!).

During our senior year, although I still worked half-time in the Pantry and Margie continued to wait tables on date nights, we were the pastor and wife of the Ashwood Wesleyan Methodist Church, near Lyndonville, NY. I accepted this little rural church for experience as it hardly paid enough to cover our car expenses each weekend when we commuted the 75 miles each way to and from the church. For our first home together, we rented the Enty house next to the Barker grocery store "down town". Rev. H. Irwin Enty was an old friend and a classmate of my parents in Houghton some thirty years earlier. In 1948 he was teaching at Bethany Bible College at Sussex, New Brunswick, Canada; thus, he rented his home to students. To help pay the rent, Margie's younger sister, Dorothy Miller '52 (Crocker) and another student, Lois Watts '50, roomed in the extra bedroom of the little bungalow fronting on the former "Jockey Street" in Houghton.

As we close these event-filled years, we hear Doris Day and Buddy Clark sing "Love Somebody" and Les Brown as he lolls, "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm."

"Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy."¹⁹

The Closing Years

1949-1951

Early in those closing years, Houghton's campus was sustaining some sea changes. Both the College Dean and Dean of Women had given notice of their leaving. Dr. Lauren King resigned as Dean of the college due to his eight year old son's ill-health. Dr. Arthur W. Lynip had accepted the college's invitation to be the new Dean.¹ Elizabeth Beck was leaving with Miss Marion Bernhoft assuming the duties of Dean of Women, and Miss Betty Erhard taking over the responsibilities of Gaoyadeo Hall.² A new road, named Park Drive, beginning at Willard Avenue, directly behind the Luckey Memorial building, was bulldozed, winding up the hill and circling around to connect onto the Centerville/ Clark farm road. To make room for the new road, Grandpa's old barn, wherein we kept our cows, was bought and moved by Mr. Ernest Nichols. Park Drive opened up numerous properties for homes. My parents constructed a new residence on the first lot on the left atop of Park Drive. In the fall of 1950 they had a house warming. My brothers, Bob and David, were present, along with the pastor of the Houghton Church who led in a dedicatory litany. The Kurtz family,³ the renters, acted as co-hosts.

"Chief" had accepted a call to the Rich Valley Wesleyan Methodist Church outside of Emporium, PA. Glenn and Janice moved to Wilmore, KY, where Glenn attended Asbury Seminary. Margie and I moved into the large parsonage next to the Ashwood Church—the one we commuted to on weekends prior to graduating the previous year. Bob and David Barnett were still in college.

Great changes were also evident in the Pantry. Houghton College purchased the Barnett properties on the campus level. As the new owner of the

little tearoom, the college contracted Mrs. Philo Matthews to be the manager while her husband worked towards his college degree. She hired a number of employees, including my brother, Bob, who made the ice cream, Ethelmae Dawson (Brill)⁴ and, occasionally, Mae Smith helped out. To train the new employees, Willard Smith, the college business manager, arranged for a specialist from the Sealtest Ice Cream Company, to show a movie on fountain techniques. After the movie, he demonstrated these techniques in the Pantry.⁵

The little tearoom was filled with the strains of Frankie Lane's "Mule Train" and "That Lucky Old Sun" as the Pantry came alive again under Mrs. Matthews' supervision. A new attraction she introduced was pies by Grace Tarey: apple and cherry pies at 10 cents a slice and her ice cream pies at 15 cents.

"Date nights" continued as always except that the Psych Club, with faculty blessing and participation, decided that the students needed some guidelines regarding this age-old custom. A special meeting of the club was conducted in the chapel on a Thursday night, December 8, 1949 with the express purpose of giving guidance and direction regarding dating. Deans King and Beck, who had not left yet, were on the panel along with Prof. Wright, Wilma Wollenweber '51, Bob Nuernburger '51 and Jesse Deardorff '50. Dr. King, the moderator, "stated without apology that he thought there was no need for convincing the audience that the subject is a vital one. Who dares to disagree!"

Why have a date? It was agreed that in some cases marriage might possibly be the ultimate goal. Social pressure at times may be partly a cause. Then, too, social enjoyment might also be considered an end in itself at times.

Whom should you date? Likeness of interests constitutes one vital factor. Miss Beck emphasized that appearance plays an important part also. She said that a girl in order to be attractive should give heed to three habits—neatness, cleanliness and orderliness—to which the fellows might give due attention.

How often should one date? Prof. Wright considered that once weekly for a freshman would be sufficient, since he ought to become established in his studies firmly in his first year. Prof. Wright also mentioned that some couples date so often that it is difficult to say when they are not dating. Presumably, such a sublime state of felicity would rightfully belong to seniors. What must grad school be like!⁶

The tune now changed to Perry Como's "A—You're Adorable" and "Some Enchanted Evening", as couples came hand-in-hand to the Pantry. Again, there were some students who dated "for social enjoyment", as did Don Strong, who says of the Pantry:

It was a great place to meet friends for a snack between classes. After basketball games we always went to the Pantry with our dates for something to eat. I particularly

remember the celebration after the game in which I scored 20 points (my personal best). In the winter time it was always warm and cozy inside with good friends, great fellowship and delicious food.¹⁷

Don Strong was surely not the only one who dated for social enjoyment, but more is known of those who dated in the Pantry with "marriage as the ultimate goal." Darwin and Marianne Townsend '51 reminisce:

We remember well the pleasures of the Pantry. My aunt used to send me a dollar a week, and Marianne and I could go to the Pantry for a snack after the Artist Series. We would enjoy a fried egg sandwich and a glass of milk (tall glass) for 30 cents each. Such a need the Pantry filled!¹⁸

Bob '50 and Mary (Perrine '51) Harter tell "of the part that the Pantry played in developing lifelong friendships. That quick cup of coffee in our own private 'coffee shop' was unique to our college campus." Bob adds: "I personally want to thank your family for providing this special place.... Sorry our daughter, Aleatha, '75, could not have enjoyed our 'special place' also."¹⁹

Then there were many others who tripped down "lovers' lane", stopping off at times in the Pantry during those closing years. These include: Max Fancher '51 and Gladys Totten '51, Wendell Caley '50 and June Myers '48, Bob Wolcott '49 and Martha Jane Wice '51, Joseph Howland '51 and Evelyn German, Claude Williams and Barbara Cotanche, Nelson Crowell '50 and Betty Wolfe '47, Mike Schell '50 and Mary Jane Stewart '49, Robert Noble '50 and Barbara George '50, Art Northrup '51 and Esther Alm '46, Wes Swauger '50 and Harriet Richards '51, James Stevenson '50 and Martha De Ruiter '52, Ralph Nast '51 and Lottie Faltin '51, Chester Rudd '51 and Ruth Knapp '51, Robert Wootten '51 and Rosalie Strong '49, Ian Lennox '51 and Charmaine Lemmon '51 and Gene Sackett '51 and Shirley Smith '53—and the "Wedding March" continues....

My brother, Bob, after dating several classmates, including my sister-in-law, Dorothy Miller '52 (who later married Forrest Crocker '53), got his eyes fixed on the college nurse, Dorothy Nicholas. A problem arose: Nurse Nicholas was claimed by another guy, a Marine pilot and a friend of Bob's, Max Nichols '51. Upon inquiring, Bob was told by the lovely nurse that Marine Max and she were merely writing. So Bob started courting "Nickie" and they, too, marched down the aisle in 1954.

During the first year of the Matthews' management, homemade ice cream was still made and served, but, due to the escalating price of mix, the Pantry went back to selling commercially-made ice cream during the second year. The profit margin with commercial cream was now about the same as

when making your own using the higher-priced, commercially-bought mix. The extra bother and cost involved in making the ice cream made commercial cream a better route to go. The college sold the ice cream maker and hardening cabinet to Bruce McCarty '43 who then began to make his own ice cream for his restaurant at Fillmore. Thanks to his parents running a dairy, Bruce could possibly make and use a lower cost mix and serve ice cream at a higher profit.

Besides the lower profit from the ice cream, the college had to pay more for hired help than when the Pantry was family-run by either the Jacksons or the Barnetts. The one dollar per week allowance my parents paid me and my brothers and sister was well below what we would have earned at the going rate as employees. We considered our room, board and school expenses, plus an occasional treat in the Pantry, more than made up for the difference we would have made as "employees".

Another drawback was the rising minimum wage. In the early years of the 1940s, twenty-five cents per hour was a standard wage for the College to pay. That's what my folks and the Jacksons paid their part-time help, too. The minimum wage law required an employer to pay a dollar per hour. I remember my mother talking to me about this requirement and how it would adversely impact the Pantry operation. Prices would have to be painfully raised. A couple of years before, we raised the price for a cup of coffee from a nickel to a dime. As a result, some of our patrons threatened to boycott us—until they found the price of coffee had been similarly raised everywhere else.

All these factors: lower profit on the ice cream, hiring more help and paying them more, meant smaller servings and higher prices or suffering a financial loss. During the first year of operation, the College lost a few thousand dollars in the Pantry. The second year was no better. The College couldn't tolerate such a financial liability. Thus, the Pantry was closed. The decision was made easier since there was the Twin Spruce Inn, now operated by the College. It was thought that the Inn would sufficiently fill the need left vacant by closing the Pantry.

The new Bastian & Blessing fountain, the mirrored back bar and most of the other furnishings of the Pantry were eventually sold to Mr. Poor who opened up a similar but smaller ice cream parlor at "The Poor House", the former Panich house down the hill.

As the strains grew faint of Bing Crosby crooning, "Now Is the Hour when we must say goodbye...", the nickelodeon became silent. The leaseholder who had come regularly for 11 years to install the latest records from the Hit Parade, came and carried away the cherished music box.

The shell of the former Pantry then became a book depository of the library. Books were brought there and stored until their usefulness to the library

could be determined. Dr. Bert Hall tells of a post-Pantry visit.

I...recall visiting it after they began storing Library books there. The librarian asked me to look over part of the gift collection from Dr. D. S. Miller in the area of religion to see what we should add to the Library. I spent several hours in the cool Pantry looking for the best religious books to save. The rest went into a book sale."¹⁰

The students sorely missed an on-campus informal gathering place. As years went by, the little white building with green shutters, embraced by the apple tree, stood as a silent reminder of when it was a cheery hub of activity and romance. A few years after its closure, Stanley Sandler '60 arrived on campus. He tells me, "There was a movement to reopen it, but the only answer we would get from Dean Lynip was 'We've been through that already,' which was hardly a model of logic. In other words, shut up your face. Many of us felt that the Inn had a raffish atmosphere..."¹¹

A little of the former glory of the Pantry was restored in the mid-60s: the little white building with green shutters was opened again as an informal campus gathering place, now named "The Bent Cent". Instead of the fountain and the grill—and the soda jerks and short-order chefs—there were vending machines. Ice cream was again available but "on-a-stick-coated-with chocolate" variety. A few tables and chairs provided an ample place to sit and relax. Gone were the creamsticks. Gone were the grill, the hamburgers and the Westerns. Gone was the popcorn machine. And gone was the nickelodeon.

In a few years, work began on the new Paine Science Building. The huge stone monolith swallowed up the space where the Pantry, the apple tree, the Barnett house—and the President's house—had been. The old house was burned and the Pantry was dismantled and hauled away to be reassembled in the Clark farm area. The Bent Cent was moved to the former basement Chem-lab of Woolsey Hall. After a brief "second childhood" as the "Bent Cent", the Pantry was honorably deceased.

"The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past."

8

Epilogue

One of the more nostalgic letters I received regarding the Pantry was from my niece, Sharon Beach Falke '69, my sister, Lucille's, daughter. Sharon writes well and I share parts of her letter with the reader.

My reason for writing is to pass along some of my own memories of the Pantry, that great family contribution to the Houghton scene in days gone by. Even though I was born in 1947, and was not even around during those cherished days when the Pantry was THE campus gathering place, its existence still influenced my life, and has left me with fond memories. Some of them I acquired second hand from stories my parents told, but some I personally experienced during my own college days at Houghton during the mid 1960s.

I came along soon after Dad, having just returned from military service in World War II, decided to take advantage of the GI Bill and go to college. By the time I was born...an apartment in Houghton's newly established "Vetville" is where we called home. It was outside of the Pantry, however, that proved to be the perfect setting for some of my first baby pictures to be taken.

While it is true that I don't personally recall the Pantry at such a young age, as I grew, I became familiar with this wonderful place through the many stories my parents recited. They spoke of favorite songs played on the juke box, those busy nights following artist series when the place was packed, and the many friendships that were forged in this happy environment. I guess you could say I was taken by the romance I vicariously experienced through the memories they shared with me.

As a young child visiting my grandparents in Houghton, I remember walking down the hill from their newly occupied home on Park Drive. At the bottom of the hill [back] of the Lucky Building, I would turn right and walk past the "Barnett House" and then the Pantry next door. I would always imagine how it might have been in the "good old days".

Finally it was my turn to go to college, and, of course, there was only one choice for me—Houghton. I arrived as a Freshman in the fall of 1965 as a fourth generation student (on the Barnett side of the family). By that time the "Barnett House" belonged to the college and contained the Student Senate Offices. The Pantry, no longer the storage

repository for books as it had been for quite some time, was open once again [as The Bent Cent], a sort of informal gathering place. By this time a few food vending machines replaced the soda fountain ...and a few tables and chairs provided an ample place to sit and relax. Although it was not the bustling place it had been in my parents' day, to me it offered a quiet spot to appreciate the rich heritage that had blessed me through the vision and efforts of my grandparents so many years before. Although I was only able to experience the Pantry as a mere shadow of its former days, I felt grateful for the chance just to be there and contemplate.¹

Mixed with nostalgia are memories of hard times. Many of the Houghton students, especially during the post-depression 1940s, could not afford to patronize the Pantry. I was made keenly aware of this fact, when on the Houghton-sponsored tour of Ireland in 1997, I asked Martha Markham '41, a member of our tour group, "Don't I remember your visiting the Pantry when you were a student?" Martha, answered, "No, I don't remember ever going to the Pantry. I couldn't afford it." She told me of her extremely limited finances that barely saw her through to graduation. Then I recalled that Willard Houghton, the founding father of Houghton Seminary, who gave as one of the purposes of the school: "We want to make this school one of the easiest for poor children in this country [to afford]".² As a student I marveled at one coed, a music student I believe, who never used that long sidewalk to and from the Music Building, but walked in the grass beside it—in order to save shoe leather. Arthur Ruder, when planning to go to college, was told by his parents that they could not afford to pay his way through college and insisted he was needed at home to help on the farm. So he worked his way through Houghton—mostly at \$.25 an hour—mopping floors and doing other custodial work, *plus sending home to his parents \$250. annually for their sustenance*. I don't remember Art ever patronizing the Pantry even when courting his beloved Gertrude Bailey.

Several of the former students wrote of their abstaining from the luxury of the Pantry largely due to financial constraints and thrift. Carlton Cummings '41 writes:

The Pantry was something new to Houghton and was a pretty fine addition to the social life of the campus. However, I was not a very good patron, but I used to look wistfully at the cheery gathering place. In those days I kept track of every nickel and only infrequently indulged in such luxuries as ice cream cones and milkshakes. Not that I was underprivileged by any means, but my home influence caused me to be quite reticent when it came to spending money. So I mostly let the other students take advantage of the delights that the Pantry offered and "suffered" in silence. But the Pantry did fill a need admirably for most of the Houghtonians.³

Ernest Kalapathy '49 divulges: "In the spirit of 'it can be told now' I'll have to confess I was so impoverished during my college days that I couldn't

afford the Pantry, even when hamburgers were only 10 cents [actually, 20 cents]. I do think I ate there once or twice when I felt affluent."⁴

Chester "Chet" Tingley '49 candidly states regarding the Pantry, "I vaguely remember being in that place just once and why I was there I don't recall. I was well fed three times a day @ the dining hall and so had no need for more food or social activity. Besides, I didn't have the extra money to spend."⁵

Perry Troutman '49 states, "I do indeed recall stopping at The Pantry but I do not think that I was a very frequent visitor...and most probably did not linger there. I simply did not have much money for discretionary spending...."⁶

Several other former students of that era made reference to their limited resources and their Pantry patronage. Thelma Fuller (De Right '43) claims that she and Jesse "never had much cash" and remembers their favorite order: two creamsticks [two for a nickel] and a five cent coke "with two straws". "We really got a kick out of seeing how little we could live on and still have the luxury of the Pantry."⁷

Margarette Mann (Markell '42) tells that her husband, Frank's, "budget didn't permit very many trips (to the Pantry)."⁸

Willard Cassel '41 wonders how he visited the Pantry so often "as money was tight at that time." Cassel adds a humorous story that underscores his thrift:

Until I came to Houghton I would not eat string beans unless my mother cooked them in a pot with potatoes and ham. One time when my parents had dinner with me at Gayo, they served ham, mashed potatoes and string beans (a set meal at Gayo). I dug in and my mother asked me, "Since when did I eat string beans?" I said, "since I am here as I can't afford to turn up my nose at string beans and then go to the Pantry for a meal!"⁹

Bill Barker '48 comments,

The Pantry was the place to be! But I couldn't go often, because I couldn't afford the 55 cent hamburgers. Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought I detected a look of some disdain by Mr. Barnett when I sat down to visit a couple of hours without buying anything."¹⁰

[I set Bill straight on the price of hamburgers. Also, I mentioned that Dad "would forgive you now for coming in and talking if it contributed to your falling in love with Ruth Donley '46. At that time Dad was most concerned with paying off the mortgage on the place."]

Fortunately, there were enough students and faculty who found it opportune to patronize the Pantry—and the same for the two Inns, Ma Wakefields' and the Foxhole—to keep us all in business. The Pantry was a good business—not a gold mine, but one that enabled both, my parents and the

Jacksons, to support their families and pay for their children's school expenses. The Jacksons found the first year so profitable that they, to keep a good conscience, insisted that for the second year they pay my parents double the rent they paid the first year. My parents faithfully tithed their income, most of it being given to the Houghton Church. I remember during the years they operated the Pantry, their weekly offering to the church was a twenty dollar bill—and that was back in the days when hamburgers and hot fudge sundaes cost only twenty cents!

Why the College lost money during each of the two years they operated the Pantry is a mystery except for some of the possible factors I mentioned in Chapter 7. An additional factor may have been the lack of advertising. In looking through the old Stars, I noticed there were no Pantry ads for the '49-'50 school year, the first year the college operated the Pantry. Calvin Coolidge used to say: "Advertising is the life of trade."

Closing the Pantry, even with the Twin Spruce Inn available, dealt a severe blow to the morale of the campus. This was the forte, the beauty, of the Pantry: it was the venue—the students' choice—where to socialize, philosophize and romanticize. Betty Tutton said earlier (chap. 5): "...as a Christian I was starved for the social milieu that I wanted and needed to mature.... The Pantry was a crucial means for meeting those needs for me. (It) offered an easier place for me to explore philosophical issues that I needed to sort out."¹¹ Oliver Karker harks back to when "We really enjoyed the great times talking with the other students on many subjects, pulling pranks and studying together. In later years I walked past the Pantry, wishing the place was still open—but time and circumstances do change."¹² Bob and Mary Harter '50 referred to the Pantry as "our own private 'Coffee shop' which made it a 'special place'." They closed their letter by adding: "Sorry our daughter, Aleatha '75, could not have enjoyed our 'special place' also."¹³

Remember "Joe and the Orient"? That was the "special place" where the University of Michigan students socialized, mentioned in the U of M song my Dad taught us after he graduated from there (chap. 2). It was probably a tavern but, like the Pantry, it was more than a place to eat and drink. The reason it was included in the school's song was because of its impact on student morale. Several Pantry patrons emphasize some of these morale factors. Merrill Jackson '49, when acting as the assistant manager, noticed that "Many came just for the food, which was really good. A fine variety for a short-order place." But he accentuated: "The Pantry was a place people carried on and strengthened friendships, and made new ones...A wonderful place to pass the time between classes and other campus activities...Some were studying while sipping their milkshakes. Better than the Library."¹⁴

Philip Birchall '50 puts it this way:

The Pantry was as much a center of the academic life as the library or the classroom.... (The Pantry) was a hub of student activity.... Its situation in the center of the campus gave ready access for a welcome break to the tedium of academic pursuits. *The student body today can hardly visualize the campus without the Science Hall—and we (alumni) could not imagine the campus without the...Pantry* (emphasis added).

David and Jane Kaser '49 write in metered verse: "...just as the harbor is sweet to the sailor and the caravansery a pleasant refuge to the camel-driver, so also was the Pantry always a welcome haven to over-crammed Houghtonians."¹⁵

A good epilogue should contain some future orientation. For that I turn to a brief comment from Ray Alger who was certainly thinking forward when he writes: "It would have been a good thought to have had the building moved somewhere with a plaque on it for posterity sake. Perhaps it is around campus and I am not aware of it."¹⁶

The Pantry was physically removed off campus and now the little white structure with green shutters can no longer be found. But I dare say that in the hearts and minds of thousands of graying alumni, its memory lingers on. Perhaps someday there can be a marker erected with a plaque that would solemnly tell the passers-by, old and young: On this spot there once stood The Pantry.

"Don't let it be forgot
That once there was a spot
For one brief shining moment
That was known as Camelot."

Afterwords

Mother was sitting on the swing-lounge outside the front door of her home atop of Park Drive catching a cool breeze on a pleasant summer day in 1986. Her thoughts were on her eight children, all living and in relatively good health, and all were living for Christ, for which she thanked the Lord. She thought of her 24 grandchildren and her growing number of great-grandchildren and breathed a prayer for their physical and spiritual well-being.

She remembered that day in 1918 when she arrived at the little train depot in Houghton, a Tarheel, a stranger without funds or friends but a child of her heavenly Father who sent her to Houghton against her earthly father's will. She thought of Clarence, now with the Lord for thirteen years, and how in his youthful exuberance he had courted her: their walks up and down "lovers lane", their ice skating at the Cove, their trips to Letchworth Park, their running off together to get married at Bradford.

Crossing her mind, as if in a parade, passed the many churches in Pennsylvania and Iowa where they pastored and where their eight children were born. Then there was the issue of moving to Houghton: Clarence choosing to stay in Iowa as a pastor; Lucy insisting they move to Houghton. She remembered her rationale for changing Clarence's obstinate mind. She reminded him of the Rev. A. J. Shea family who had moved to Houghton so their children could receive a Christian education. Then she added: "Clarence, if we move to Houghton, rather than there being only one preacher in the family, we may have two or three preachers." That touched a tender nerve in Clarence's heart and persuaded him to move. Mother's words were prophetic: There were eventually three preachers in the family: Dad, Glenn, who served as a missionary to Haiti and a pastor, and Bev who served his country as a career Air Force chaplain and a pastor.

A car pulled into the driveway that interrupted Mother's thoughts. The driver's door opened and Dr. Whitney Shea got out. Two of Mother's closest friends back in the '40s were Whitney and his wife, Phoebe, Shea. Since she had not seen them for many months, Mother arose excitedly when she saw her dear friend. Another man eased out of the passenger side of the car and approached her with Whitney. He was a larger man than Whitney, but Mother's failing eyesight kept her from recognizing him until he drew closer. Then she recognized the other man as Whitney's brother, George Beverly Shea, whom she had seen many times on TV singing with the Billy Graham team in the various evangelistic crusades.

Bev smiled and asked Mother: "Are you Clarence Barnett's wife?"

"Yes, I'm Lucy Barnett, Clarence's wife," she answered proudly.

Then Bev said something that was totally unexpected by Mother, and was possibly out of character for any member of Billy Graham's team. He said to Mother, "Lucy Barnett, may I kiss you?"

Though startled by the request, Mother happily replied, "Yes you may, Bev." Then the big, burly singer stepped forward and took Mother into his embrace and kissed her.

I am not privy to what was said next, but I suspect that Bev indicated that the kiss was a long-delayed expression of his love and appreciation for Clarence who had befriended him recurrently as a lad nearly seventy years before, culminating in giving his cherished bicycle to him.

Three years later, Lucy went to meet Clarence "just inside the Eastern Gate over there."

NOTES

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Chapter 1

1. John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale".

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2. Letters from Ruth and Bob Luckey, January 1 and February 10, 1998.
3. Ethel Barnett Fuller, *Born to Serve*, (Gowanda, The Niagara Frontier Pub. Co. Inc., n.d) p. 10.
4. George Beverly Shea, *Then Sings My Soul* (Old Tappan, NJ, Fleming H. Revell Co., Spire Books, 1968, 1971), p. 29.
5. Bev Shea's account to Gordon Barnett at Amsterdam in 1986.
6. Shea, p. 155.

7. Shea's account to Gordon in 1986.
8. Glenn W. Barnett and Janice Barnett "Glenn Wilford Barnett, an Autobiography, 1922-1991", unpublished manuscript (New Port Richey, FL), p. 3.
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11. *Ibid.*
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13. Barnett, p. 6.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 8.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
17. Gillette, p. 117.
18. Lord Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

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2. Letter from Paul Scrimshaw, December 5, 1997.

Chapter 3 (continued)

3. Letter from Glenn Barnett, October 23, 1997.
4. Ed Mehne letter, May 23, 1998.
5. Letter from Warren and Ella Woolsey, Nov. 5, 1997.
6. Letter from Gordon Barnett, November 11, 1997.
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8. One of his poems appears in the *Star*, Vol. 34, April 16, 1942.
9. Letter from Irene Stephens Yount, Jan. 14, 1998.
10. Letter from Bert Hall, Oct. 28, 1997.
11. *Houghton Star*, Vol. 33, Feb. 13, 1941; Vol. 34, Oct. 9, 1941; Feb 5 and 12, 1942 and May 7, 1942.
12. *Boulder*, 1942, p. 73.
13. *Star*, Vol. 35, May 8, 1942, p. 2.
14. Page 1352, the last paragraph of the topical references, after Revelation 22:21.
15. *Star*, Vol. 34, Feb. 19, 1942, p. 1.
16. Knickerbocker letter, Nov. 8, 1997.
17. Bob Barnett e-mail message, Feb. 5, 1999.
18. Dingman letter, Dec. 9, 1997.
19. Margaret Markell letter, Nov. 12, 1997.
20. Luckey letter, Jan. 1, 1998.
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22. From Conrad Aiken's "Music I Heard with You."

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3. Ambrose, p. 75.
4. *Star*, Vol. 35, Feb. 25, 1943.
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9. *Star*, Vol. 36, Dec. 10, 1943, p. 3.
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11. *Ibid.*
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13. *Star*, Vol. 36, Dec. 9, 1943, p. 3.
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15. *Star*, Vol. 36, Oct. 28, 1943.
16. Oliver Karker letter, Nov. 19, 1997.
17. *Star*, Vol. 37, Feb. 1, 1945, p. 3.
18. Leslie Beach letter, April 8, 1998.
19. Robert Barnett e-mail letter, Feb. 5, 1999.
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21. Jean Scott letter, Jan. 19, 1998.
22. Ray Alger letter, Nov. 15, 1997.
23. Ray Coddington letter, Nov. 20, 1997.
24. Phil Chase letter, Dec. 6, 1997.
25. *Star*, Vol. 35, Mar. 4, 1943, p. 1.
26. Leslie Beach e-mail letters, Nov. 30 & Dec. 12, 1998.
27. *Star*, Vol. 37, Sep. 10, 1944, p. 1.
28. In addition to the five listed, five more alumni were killed in action during WW II: Robert Danner, Walter Ferchen, J. Merton McMahon, Ralph Norton and John Smith.
29. "Between Midnight and Morning" by Owen Seaman, published in the *Star*, Dec. 9, 1943, p. 3.

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1. Merrill Jackson letter, Dec. 4, 1997.
2. *Ibid*.
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4. Gloria Porter letter, Nov. 30, 1997.
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8. *Star*, Vol. 37, May 3, 1945, p. 3.
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11. Jackson letter.
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Chapter 6 (continued)

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12. *Star*, Vol. 40, Jan. 16, 1948, p. 1.
13. Bill Barker e-mail letter, Oct. 27, 1997.
14. Luckey letter, Jan. 10, 1998.
15. Robert Dingman letter, Dec. 9, 1997.
16. Dave Flower e-mail message, Dec. 22, 1998.
17. Charles and Jeanette Rupp letter, Dec. 9, 1997.
18. Glenn Barnett letter.
19. Shakespeare, "Sonnet 8."

Chapter 7

1. *Star*, Vol. 42, Feb. 17, 1950, p. 1.
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3. *Star*, Vol. 43, Oct. 6, 1950, p. 2.
4. Edgar Brill letter, April 16, 1998.
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7. Don Strong's letter, Dec. 14, 1997.
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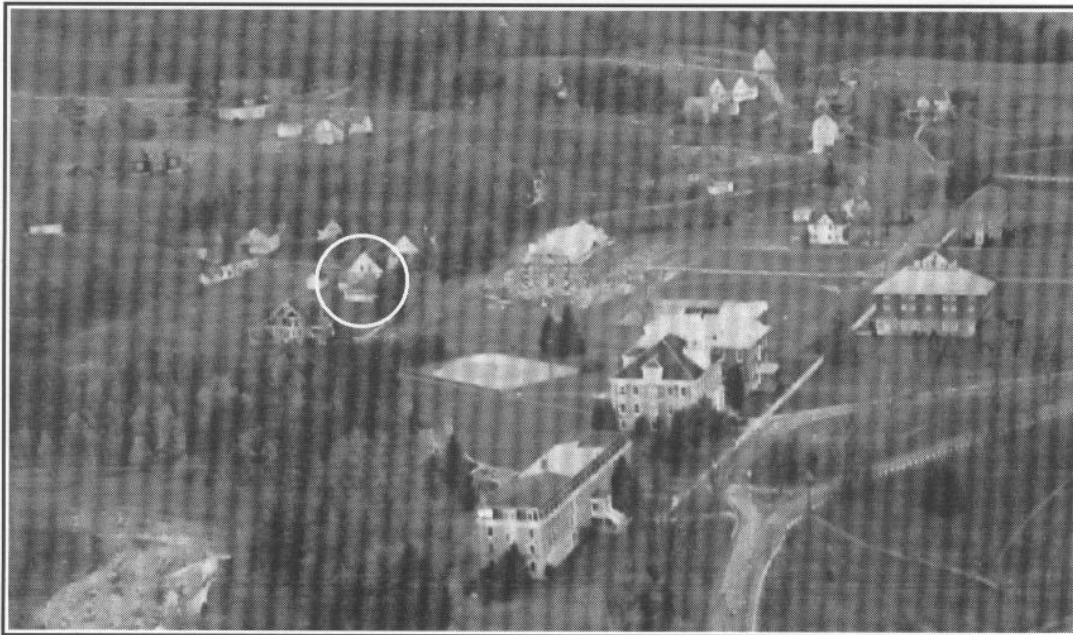
Notes for Chapter 8

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3. Carlton Cummings e-mail letter, Nov. 19, 1997
4. Ernest Kalapathy letter, Nov. 27, 1997.
5. Chester Tingley letter, Dec. 1, 1997.
6. Perry Troutman e-mail letter, Dec. 14, 1997.
7. Thelma De Right letter, Nov. 6, 1997.
8. Margaret Markell letter, Nov. 12, 1997.
9. Willard Cassel letter, Nov. 3, 1997.
10. Bill Barker e-mail letter, Oct. 31, 1997.
11. Betty Tutton letter, (n.d.).
12. Oliver Karker letter, Nov. 19, 1997.
13. Bob Harter letter, Nov. 21, 1997.
14. Merrill Jackson letter, Dec. 4, 1997.
15. David and Jane Kaser letter, Nov. 29, 1997.
16. Ray Alger letter, Nov. 15, 1997.
17. From the musical, *Camelot*.

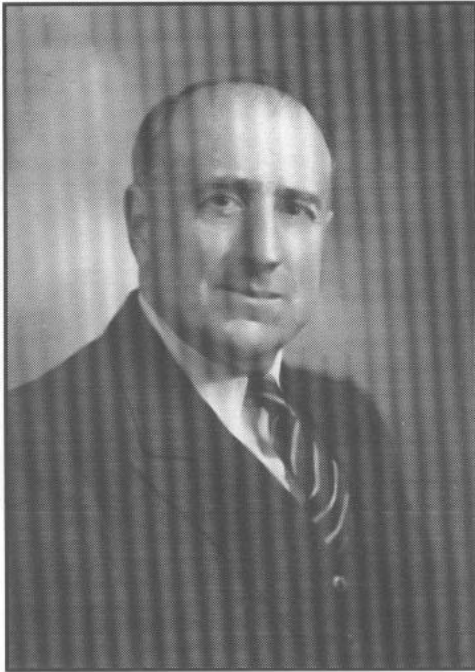


Residences at the back of the campus (ca. 1910). From left to right, the President's residence, the A. W. Hall-Barnett house, Luther Hall-Smith house, and the E. W. Bruce-Kellogg house. Located between the President's and the Barnett's residences, the Pantry was built in 1940.

(Photo from *And You Shall Remember*. Used with permission)



A section of Houghton's campus in 1941-1942. The Luckey Memorial was under construction. The Pantry and Barnett house (in the circle) and the President's residence stand where the Paine Science Center is now located. (Photo taken from Gillette and Lindley's, *And You Shall Remember*. Used with permission.)



The Rev. Clarence "Chief" and Lucy Barnett
in 1946, their silver anniversary year.



Myron "Mike" Holloway serving Shirley Fidinger and David
Paine at the Pantry fountain. (From the 1941 *Boulder*)



Ralph "Blackie" Black and Mike Holloway coming to work in the Pantry (From the 1941 *Boulder*)



Allan McCartney, Evelyn Geer with Thelma Fuller and Jesse DeRight seated by the nickelodeon in the Pantry (From the 1941 *Boulder*)



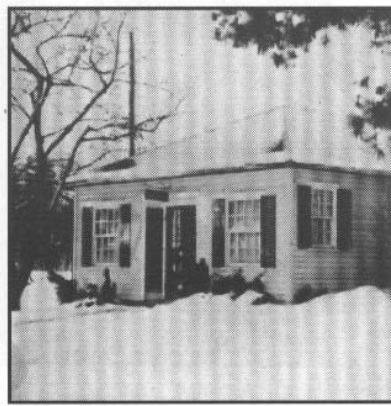
Opening day in the Pantry. Mother Barnett serves Don Pratt and Al Smith some phosphates. Others in the picture: At the next table, Janice Crowley, Elizabeth Lawrence and Anna Marie Casale; in the far booth, Jack Hars; Bev Barnett in the kitchenette; Gordon Barnett behind fountain, is serving Clifford Robertson; young Allan Barnett, in the right foreground, with an ice cream cone. (Photo by Willard Smith)



Max Stebbins and Dorothy Krentel with Ruth
Brooks and Dick Bennett in the Pantry
(From the 1942 *Boulder*)



The Rev. Herbert "Uncle Jack" and Lydia "Auntie" Jackson prior to their departing the mission field in French Indo-China. Photo taken 1945-1946.



Pantry scenes in summer and winter



The "Big Four": Ethel Anderson, Beulah Smalley, Gloria Wentzel and Alda Anderson; all worked in the Pantry with the Jacksons.



Gloria Wentzel reporting for work in the Pantry then being managed by the Jacksons.

